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THE BONE-BRIGHT TREE

By Patrick MacDonogh

Six-acre stubble fields provide
In silence of this winter night
No inspiration and no guide
For impregnation of those white
Virginal sheets that wait the pen ;
Romantic moonlight can indite
No commentary fit for men
Who mourn that all the best have died
And none conversable is left
To start a dream, or crack a side.
Gone is the courteous acumen,
The wit whose wound was a delight,
The scholar's accuracy worn
Like a bright feather to adorn
Opportune foolery. Bereft
The sad survivor must abide
His own and other company
As naked as this bone-bright tree.

This bone-bright tree might still become
A symbol, intricate yet crisp,
Of that once loved astringency,
Before its discipline falls dumb
Under the leaves' insistent lisp,—
Summon a spectre, bone-bright tree!

Call up one ghost of all that crowd,
 (So many gods, no room for men!)
 And let him tell at last, out loud,
 The secret that impelled him when
 He put to sea without a shroud.

What memories in the branches stir?
 "So many gods, no room for men,"
 Petronius said it and this ghost,
 Translator of the Arbiter,
 Betrayed his admiration most
 By his last imitation; then
 With knife and water, as with pen
 And strict articulation, he
 Ended his sentence perfectly.

Only impertinence could dwell
 On thoughts of motive or excuse;
 The form is its own parable.
 The function of the arbiter
 Rests in the skilled and perfect use
 Of his select material,—
 And if the known should seem to be
 Devoid of further interest, he
 Must go to seek it elsewhere;
 So be it by the knife, or noose,
 Or at the bottom of the sea,
 Himself his executioner.

Incomparable ghost! describe
 What hells of boredom you have found.
 Do your eternal ears imbibe
 Unending, low, insistent sound—
 Stale stories whispered in a shell?
 Tell, too, your active part in hell.

"Living, my pleasure was to teach
 To every living thought a chaste

Completion of expression ; mine
 Was the quintessence of good taste,
 And I imposed a crystalline
 Ice-cold precision upon speech.
 Mine was the instantaneous art
 Beyond premeditation, for
 I spoke perfection from the heart.
 I know that I am damned, because
 My style is gone. I move through swarms
 Of inarticulate feelings and,
 Promiscuous from clause to clause,
 My uncontrolled expression warms
 To gross excitement, plays the whore
 To every chance idea. See—! ”
 With upraised, fleshless, delicate hand
 He touched a twig. The bone-bright tree
 Burst in a blaze of flaming leaves,
 Then died to silence and the moon.

And still the sad survivor grieves
 Mourning lost comrades late and soon.

LOVERS CAUGHT IN MORTAL COIL

By Ewart Milne

Lovers caught in mortal coil
(Goddess of the Earth and Air!)
The night sky search though each alone
To see their twin star rising.

"Till death do us part,"
(The yew, the mound, and the burial stone)
And after death they hope to meet
On the lea-rigs of mortality.

There, each would then the other know,
(my ain kind dearie)
With drift of cloud beneath their feet
In everbright heaven perfectly.

They dream : grave and all aloneness past,
(The mountain top and the sacred grove!)
Souls of lovers purged of dross
Soar upward twined eternally.

An ancient dream

The taproot of the oak strikes deep,
Sunward roam its branches tall ;
This, and other emblems of the vertical
Were Signs of life before the Fall ;

And trees enlacing stems and boughs
Were held of old by many
For the souls of parted lovers,
And none knew man from woman
Where each was both in one.

Two Sonnets by Blanaid Salkeld

INSPIRATION

Mad Sweeney flew from tree to lofty tree.
 Nijinsky later went half way towards flying . . .
 Can it be the brain that keeps us from trying—
 The easy way?

(For, men fly, as we see—
 Or—make machines to fly—and sit them, free
 To beat the birds in height and speed—relying
 All on the brain's suggestions—multiplying
 Power and knowledge, flowering endlessly.)
 But first, the brain's dictated to—(no less)—
 By the dream, imagination, and will:
 That trinity of inspiration must
 Whirl into living patterns the world's dust—
 Making new laws—or seeming to—for still
 Our mathematics are but a blind guess.

SPECULATION

Out of its jungle roars the hidden thunder,
 After the escaped lightning's feints and falls.
 Always the abyss to the clear upland calls.
 This now is the time for dip and down-under.
 Amalgam diffused; bone-works wrenched asunder:
 We sweep away the rubble that was walls—
 Till some interior echo of old brawls
 Sets us volte-face seeking a far-off wonder.
 Ridden and spurred by gravity and friction—
 Foot, hoof, wheel, alike in a circle spin:
 A set time for movement—less wear and tear.
 Colours fade; day darkens. When we reach There,
 Free of coil within coil—will rest begin—
 Rest, and the certainty that all was fiction?

BEREAVEMENT

By Temple Lane

The curlew's fingering song
 plucks like a knife-touch, starting
 the live harp-strings knotted
 to gut-strands of the heart.

He learned it at low tide
 when encroached waves receding
 left bald the flats where a pride
 of ricks had been :
 where the only green thing
 was the salt-limed weed,
 and the only red thing
 not dogwood, not apple's cheek,
 but sea-moss stranded in gashes
 like the live land bleeding.

Why why why ? sings curlew.
 Lone you, lone you, lone you !
 Then all the obbligato
 goes strumming in the brain.
 Could you, could you, could you,
 could you or any other
 have stemmed the ruin
 and held the grain from floating ?

Curlew's two finger exercise
 whittles down to one.
 Evermore shall sun rise
 on solitaire. Alone.

Life's superb bay composes
 in due time after wreckage
 a smooth and tide-cleansed coastline :
 till children walk and say—
 " See, how gay, how kind !
 See pretty shells, see lobster-pots ! "
 and pass Death's curlew scythe-beaked
 not knowing what he pecks.

THE WILD DEER

INTRODUCTION TO WILLIAM BLAKE'S HIDDEN DESIGNS

By Elizabeth O'Higgins

*"The wild deer, wand'ring here and there,
Keeps the Human Soul from Care."*

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—In examining the pictures mentioned in the following essay, I received indispensable help from my son, Maurice O'Higgins.

IT must have been part of Blake's training as an engraver to observe to what degree details he engraved, while using the magnification of the engraver's glass, would be clearly visible to the spectator who examined the completed work with unaided vision. This experience may have suggested to him that it would be possible to add to the communicative value of his pictures in ways imperceptible, or barely perceptible, to ordinary sight. He studied and developed these ways so successfully that casual inspection of a Blake picture discovers only a fraction of the conceptions Blake actually expressed.

It was very old in Eire, the lofty idea that a people oppressed by censorship, if they have will and intellect enough, can keep their soul, by finding hiding places, which will outlast the censorship, for the vision they will to keep. It would be worth enquiring if any of the illustrators of old Irish manuscripts used methods to achieve this end. If they did, Blake would almost certainly have known it, and would have imitated their procedures. He knew that a learned poet, like Suibhne Geilt, could express his judgment of contemporary conditions by writing verses which, besides an obvious superficial meaning, conveyed also the poet's secret and purposeful thoughts. Blake knew also that some of the seemingly unsophisticated tales, which were the cultural entertainment of ordinary Irish people, were composed by their authors primarily as a vehicle for remarkably enlightened analysis. Two Irish words *run* and *sians* were used for the hidden meaning of a story or poem. They are sometimes translated "the esoteric meaning". Anything less like the shades commonly invoked in the name of "the esoteric" than are the clear and brilliant thoughts of some "occult" Irish scholars, it would be impossible to imagine.

One pertinent instance may be quoted here as an example of Blake's literary debt to this Irish tradition. In the sentence which may be regarded as the inspiring motto of his work, Suibhne Geilt achieved a bewildering condensation of thought not at all

inferior to Blake's. O'Keeffe, in his edition of *Buile Suibhne Geilt*, translated its covering meaning : " There will come the starry frost which will fall on every pool." One of the meanings which Suibhne intended and expressed by the sentence was : " The Red deer will descend as a star on every mill pond." Blake was recalling this prophecy of Suibhne, when he wrote in *Jerusalem* :—" When compulsory cruel Sacrifices had brought Humanity into a Feminine Tabernacle in the loins of Abraham and David, the Lamb of God, the Saviour, became apparent on Earth as the Prophets had foretold." Abraham means both " father of elevation " and " father of a multitude ", and David means " beloved " or " favourite ". In Irish " the beloved " was *leannan sidhe*, and the beloved of the Irish poet was the visionary intoxication of " the ale of the Sidhe ", in other words, the culture of the Ogham stag.

Three brief sentences of Blake indicate the purpose and the general method of his designs. " Painting," he wrote, " as well as poetry and music, exists and exults in immortal thoughts." The " immortal thoughts ", which occupied Blake's powerful brain, could not but raise up Satan in the rulers of the world in which he lived. The world their works created was not " a world of mercy ". Blake studied Art, as many of his forefathers practised the use of the sword, to defend mercy. He asked himself an encouraging question : " Does the still spider view the cliffs where eagles hide their young ? " He was well aware that the average spectator retains from the inspection of a picture only a vague memory of a few of its more prominent images. He would make our dullness the temporary shelter of his thoughts, and fill every dim background of his pictures and all their obscure places with significant forms. He wrote : " As Poetry admits not a Letter that is Insignificant, so Painting admits not a Grain of Sand or a Blade of Grass Insignificant, much less an Insignificant Blur or Mark ".*

Two early pictures of Blake may illustrate his search for a way to use his method effectively. *Glad Day* was engraved, *The Death of Earl Godwin exhibited*, in 1780. Possibly the latter was completed first. The themes of the two pictures were linked in Blake's thought. *Glad Day* is simple. Blake sets his right foot on a hill, the sunburst of battle is lifted behind him, beneath him

* Blake no doubt gave his method the time-honoured name *Fe Fia*, which would originally have meant " the rod that made deer invisible ".

are the worm and the bat of self-contradiction. Few hidden signs are apparent in reproductions of the engraving.

Did Blake feel, while he was engraving this simple picture, that *The Death of Earl Godwin* was too much of a mess? The mess of Ulro was, it is true, just what Blake wished to represent. The picture is Blake's comment on the legend of Empire as light-bringer. He wanted to say that the civilisation offered to Eire by Anglo-Norman emissaries of the Roman Church was rejected by his Ulster forefathers, not because they were too barbarous to accept it, but because they were not barbarous enough. Blake made of the banquet, at which Earl Godwin died, a symbolic picture of medieval civilisation shortly before the Norman conquest of England. There are no viands at the banquet, not "the bread of sweet thought" nor vessels to hold "the wine of delight". The empty platters bear the images of human heads.

The conceptual centre of the picture is the child. His place was apparently beside the Earl, at the King's left hand. He had left the table, and was on his way out, his hand on a curtain behind the King. At the sound of Godwin's fall, he turned his face back, and is gazing intently at the stricken man. Without emotion, for that is the mood of the banquet at which every guest is "wrapped up in his own sorrow". The child's absorbed gaze, the queen's covered face, indicate that there was already time for a sympathetic guest to be on his feet to help the Earl.

Over the child's forehead, at the root of his hair, are the letters C C e i l: his thumb and forefinger form the letter N. If an Oghamist wanted to indicate a name secretly, he had, naturally, to use a code accepted by Oghamists. He could represent O by CC, and could group the letters any way. The child's name is O'Neil. C, for *Coll*, the hazel, is inscribed on the end of his dress. A bird placed where his arm joins his body represents the "bird on a cliff" of Ogham poetry.

The identity of the child establishes the meaning of the picture. Kennedy O'Brien was a son of Donough, son of Brian Boru. Donough married Driella, a daughter of Earl Godwin. When Connor and Kennedy, Donough's sons, fled to Tyrone to escape the enmity of a kinsman, they were accepted into the O'Neill clan, and Connor made Lord of Tullahogue. In 1078, after Connor was killed, Kennedy succeeded to his place. Kennedy's daughter, Bevyn, married Donal, who became King of Aileach and Ulster

in 1083. From their marriage issued all succeeding O'Neill leaders. There is nothing to prove that the child is Kennedy, rather than Connor, O'Brien, except that Kennedy was a forefather of the O'Neill's.

On the edge of Kennedy's face, another face, that of a mature man, gazes, not at the fallen Earl, but at the place between him and the King's feet, the place which, it appears, the child Kennedy occupied at the banquet, between Godwin, his grandfather, and Edward the Confessor, his uncle by marriage. There is a host of pictures here: the clearest and most conspicuous, just above Godwin's body, is a very large grinning face, part of which covers the King's right leg. Blake means that when in manhood Kennedy O'Brien reflected on Godwin's death, he connected it with the enmity between Godwin and the King, and saw in it an example of the civilisation where, even within the family itself, men were adjoined by fear.

It is quite possible that Kennedy witnessed Godwin's death. Godwin died in 1053, Donough O'Brien in 1064, and Kennedy in 1084. But Blake would, in any case, allow himself the licence of grouping together, in the symbolic representation of a moment in history, the men he considered most representative of the forces involved. This consideration enables us to identify other guests with some probability. The handsome man with a hand stretched out to Godwin, a calm expression, and no movement in his feet, would be Godwin's son, Harold: the dominating figure opposite him with a cross over his eyes, nose, and mouth, William the Conqueror. As Blake arranged the table, what is presented to William is Harold's head.

In the top of William's right shoulder are two faces turned inwards to each other, a woman and a man who looks like a monk. William appears to have two elbows. The outer forms a grotesque face, like a wooden figure, such as the Northmen, from whom William was descended, might have hung in their galleys to face the sea. An inward image on his heart may be supposed to pull William's arm so as to form a new elbow: this image, the dark visage of a man in a small flat cap, may be a priest.

But Blake studied English history mainly because of its impact on Irish destiny. He knew that a revival of Irish letters in opposition to Christianity began after the Battle of Moyrath, and continued up to the Anglo-Norman invasion. He would have seen

in the usurpation of the High Kingship by Brian Boru, supported by the priests, and in the alliance of Brian's son with an English royal family, two related incidents in the struggle between Irish and Roman culture which led to the invasion of Ireland in 1170.

The woman with ill-tempered face beside the Queen would be the Queen's sister, Kennedy's mother, the man at her side Donough O'Brien. Blake gave Donough, if it is Donough, the face of a neurotic intellectual. His right hand, if it can be called a hand, is held to his ear, as if to drown the voices of the dim ghosts that crowd between him and William. One of these, above, and to the left of, the Conqueror's head, the fine profile of a man, bold, yet gentle, who faces westwards, evidently without interest in the scene, may be Malachy O'Neill, the High King who was driven out by Brian Boru. On Donough's left side are other ghosts: a large face pressing close to him, with much of majesty and something of a beast, would be Donough's father, Brian Boru.

An immense number of other designs crowd the picture, on the wall, the cloth below the table, the floor, the curtains, and in the hair, and the bodies of the guests. Heavy marks on almost every face obscure the human lineaments.

These observations refer to the water-colour sketch of *The Death of Earl Godwin*, as reproduced in *The Blake Collection of W. Graham Robertson*, edited by Kerrison Preston. It seems to us that the theme of the picture, instead of being intellectually supported by unobtrusive secondary designs, is confused by the mass of details, too patent, yet not clearly expressive. Compare with it the clear and harmonious *Ghost of a Flea* which Blake painted for Varley about 1818. Its inspiration was probably the career of Lord Castlereagh, Shelley's mask of murder, who was bred "without pain" on "blood of the captive". No one but Castlereagh could have excited in Blake such scorn and loathing. Body and head are composed of heads, representing the state Satan, "congregated assemblies of wicked men". The ground the flea colossus bestrides is made up of human faces.

To order his world of concealed designs, Blake adopted a system of symbols he found established in Irish culture. He gave a poetic account of it in his description of Orc bound in the Fifth Night of Vala.

Orc in "eternal times" was a Universal Man, father and brother of the Birch community. The parts of his body were

community groups, each of which was named from a tree, and associated either with the Sun or with the Moon. The system may be represented schematically, as follows :—

	<i>Tree</i>	<i>Social Function</i>	<i>Part of body</i>
Sun	Birch	Tribal father	Limbs
	Alder	Artist	Eyes
	Oak	Scholar	Locks
	Holly	Fighter	Knees
Moon	Ivy	Spell-maker	Nostrils
	Fern	Musician	Bosom
	Elder	Poet	Loins

Blake's well-known discrimination between right and left also derives from this Irish tradition. In *Jerusalem*, he wrote :—

"In Great Eternity every particular Form gives forth or Emanates
Its own peculiar Light, and the Form is the Divine Vision

And the Light is his Garment."

Every individual member of the Birch community was himself a Universal Man. As such he honoured both Sun and Moon ; his practical activities were associated with the right-turning Sun, and the right half of his body, his mental activities with the left-turning Moon, and the left half of his body. How Blake developed this discrimination into the system Wicksteed found in Blake's *Illustrations to the Book of Job* is a large question. The illuminating instance is in Blake's *Milton*. Milton's poetic and revolutionary soul entered Robert Blake's right foot, and William's left foot. Blake could not take an active part in the revolutionary struggle of his time. He accepted Milton's thought on his left foot, that is, in his mind. Only through his imaginative visions, like the vision of Robert, the loud voiced Bard, could his right limbs, the limbs of action, be exerted.

It is important to know a few other details of Irish thought, if we are to understand Blake's pictures. At his inauguration, an O'Neill chief became the tribal father, the Birch, and undertook to represent the classes associated with the other six original Ogham trees. While the whole *Fal*, i.e. the "wall" of Ogham trees, shouted their acceptance of the chief when he stood on the stone, active parts were played by only four men, O'Neill himself, his bard, his counsellor and his warrior. These four, corresponding respectively to the will, imagination, intellect and bodily energy of an individual, were regarded as a fourfold man.

Finally, in his description of Orc, Blake did not discriminate between hands and feet. But a distinction was made. By an obvious symbolism, the hands of a man correspond to his personal activities, his feet to the traditions or philosophy by which he guides his actions.

In Irish, we use the same word for toes and fingers. But each of the five digits has a special name and a symbolic meaning. The thumb, the first finger, is the hammer of Goibniu, the middle finger is the helmsman, that is, the chief: the small finger is *geinide*, which means *geilt*, the inspired man. Two names, Makuth and Clythyma, which Blake used in his first version of *Tiriel*, mean "the son of the hill" and "the defender of the hill". They were respectively the fourth finger and the index finger of the Red Hand of Ulster, the men who supported the Ulster helmsman on his left side and on his right side, in other words, O'Neill's Counsellor and Warrior, O'Hagan and O'Cahan.

The scheme outlined above is only a guide to Blake's work. Being Blake, he applied it with imagination and infinite patience. He gives many hints in his literary work about his methods in art. He endeavoured to put in the eye-pupil, a symbol of the ideas through which each person apprehends his visual sensations. In the "Heads of the Poets" he expressed differences by wholly or partially covering the ears and by showing left or right ear only of most of the poets. Images, which are not clear in the reproduction, around the ears, probably tell most about Blake's views. Blake's pictures need to be examined from all their cardinal points. "In equivocal worlds," he wrote, "up and down are equivocal."

The pose of Blake's hands in his portrait by Phillips is symbolic. The right hand of O'Neill holds firmly a mental sword. It is supported by the left hand of which the two fingers spread on the armrest of Blake's seat are "the chief" and "the son of the Hill."

Blake's Eternity was the Universal Man, the Jerusalem spirit, of the primitive tribe which survived, however clouded, in Eire, as long as O'Neill was able to guard the Western Wall. The Irish *rann* of the golden string at the head of the fourth chapter of *Jerusalem* means that we cannot fully understand Blake's work unless we apply the "perceptive organs" of native Irish culture. But his work, in the main, pictures not the Golden World, but the Ulro of European civilisation. "Truth," he wrote, "has

bounds, Error none." In describing Ulro, Blake sought to give error definite form, to show the multiple, but definite, shapes of Satan beneath the beguiling vagueness of Ulro masks. He used many devices. He put symbolic images at appropriate parts of the human body, he inscribed letters in suitable places, giving them the meaning they had in the Birch alphabet. He broke up one face into its many true faces. He reproduced his "double vision", showing through the glorifying material symbol the true image of a social reality. He showed the interdependence of our good and evil by means of the relationship between black and white, between form and counterform. The minuteness and the scope of his work may be illustrated by two examples in the frontispiece of *America*. In a small group of white marks he gave his view of Columba, founder of the Irish Church, and on the broken wall behind the mourning woman an account of the evolution of Irish thought from pre-historic times to the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland.

To conclude this essay, we give an example of Blake's use of symbolic landscape. "Satan arousing the Rebel Angels" was painted in 1808: it represents Britain and Eire at the time of the English Revolution.

Satan, who is Milton the Awakener, stands on a rock in the centre, Albion, the primitive Universal Man of Eire and Britain, is lying on his back with arms stretched across the foreground. Wales is in the south-west corner, young England in red and orange flames below Milton, Scotland sitting on the ground in the south-east corner. Two pale, but clear, faces behind him are the ancient Warrior and Counsellor of Scotland. On a rock rising behind the one on which Milton stands, Eire reclines, with his back turned to Milton.

The picture represents the relations between the four nations at the time of the Revolution, and also the background of experience through which the historic attitude of each nation was developed. Blake achieved the latter end by means of numerous designs on the heads and bodies of his characters, and also by means of his symbolic background.

Blake's most effective use of symbolic landscape appears perhaps in the *Songs of Innocence and Experience*, where the flowers and trees of Innocence and the snow, for instance, of wintry streets were natural symbols of the spiritual states he

wanted to contrast. Inevitably, Blake saw in the Birch something more than even the brilliant eyes of Coleridge could see in the lovely "Lady of the Wood". With its frail-seeming beauty and its toughness, the Birch was for Blake a true image of his Tyrone people, whom Suibhne Geilt, more than a thousand years ago, called "the enduring birch seed of Eoghan".

In *Satan arousing the Rebel Angels*, the brilliant strip in the extreme foreground represents the brightness of the patriarchal Gospel which was common to the four nations. The waters flowing from a precipice in the background are "the Atlantic waves": these, Blake indicates, were all that England remembered of its past. At the north-west corner, the waters are hidden by the head of a bull, at the north-east corner by a rose-coloured cloud, in which a large horse head is conspicuous. Bull and Horse are the Holly and the Hazel, the heroic spirit and the wisdom of Ogham culture which was known also in Scotland. The thumb and middle finger of Milton's right hand are pressed on the bull's forehead. Below the Bull, overhanging Eire, a rose-coloured cloud, the silhouette of a woman's head and shoulders, is the Irish Church. The dark counter form at her neck, like a cat or a bird or a woman with streaming hair, touching Eire's right shoulder, is Irish Catholicism at the time of the English Revolution. Beside it, in the Atlantic water, appears a dark human with tiny head which reaches up to the Bull's nose.

Eire's rock where it supports the left arm and upper half of Eire's body forms the outline of a woman's head and shoulder; where his right heel presses, or is supported, the rock has the shape of a hound head, the hound of Ulster. Watery black and greyish flames, one of them recalls St. Paul's Cathedral, rising between the rocks of Eire and of Milton, are the flames of religious strife. The oval shape to the East is the world of Los. Milton's spear, the point of which is thrust into the Gaelic horse's mouth, is planted between the world of Los and a blunt-nosed rock rising behind. This is a male head, and represents "the Sublime" turned into a rock. Behind it, rising still higher, a female head, cloud or rock, is "the Pathos". On the petrified Sublime a small dark shape, which is a bird and also a man wearing a cap, represents probably the religion of John Knox. It is held up by a spectral hand rising out of the light clouds overhanging the Scots.

ANGLO-WELSH POETRY FROM 1587 TO 1800

By Raymond Garlick.

OF all the literatures of the English language—Irish, American, South African and the rest—Anglo-Welsh literature must still provide the happiest hunting ground for those in search of subjects for doctoral theses. The field is not merely virgin but is likely to remain permanently in that condition so far as Welsh scholarship is concerned, the official attitude of the University of Wales being that there is insufficient material in the subject for it to be acceptable in a thesis title. Not only does no book exist upon the subject of Anglo-Welsh literature; articles upon it in reviews and learned journals may be counted almost on the fingers of one hand. And yet, with the exception of Scottish literature, Anglo-Welsh is the most venerable of the various national literatures of the English language. Dr. Roger McHugh of University College, Dublin, places the origin of Irish literature in the first half of the seventeenth century. "About 1641," he writes, "past racial blendings of Irish and English stocks and the political union of Irish and Anglo-Irish in the Stuart cause first made possible the beginnings of a national literature in English." (Article *Irish Literature*, Chambers's Encyclopædia, 1950 edition.) Mr. F. O. Matthiessen, in his Introduction to *The Oxford Book of American Verse*, describes Anne Bradstreet as the first American poet; she was born (in England) about 1612 and her first collection of poems was published in 1650. The first poem in English by a Welshman of which any record remains was written in the fifteenth century by a Welsh student at Oxford—it is a poem in praise of Our Lady. This, of course, was very much a *tour de force*; the continuous line of Anglo-Welsh poets seems to begin with Morris Kyffin, who was born about 1555 and whose poetical eulogy on Elizabeth—*The Blessednes of Brytaine, or a Celebration of the Queenes Holyday*—was published in 1587.

The orthodox teaching on Anglo-Welsh literature is that it is distinctively a twentieth century phenomenon, the result of the decline in Welsh speaking in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Donne, the Herberts, Vaughan and the rest are explained as isolated figures, or as English poets who happened to be of

Welsh ancestry but were otherwise wholly Anglicised. When the Anglo-Welsh are written of at all, it is nearly always this doctrine which is advanced in one form or another. Thus in the Introduction to the otherwise excellent *Book of Wales* (Collins; edited by D. M. and E. M. Lloyd) published earlier this year we read :—“ There is no continuity of tradition that can be described as an Anglo-Welsh literary stream until we reach the present century. There are individual poets such as Dyer in the eighteenth century, and in the Victorian age Sir Lewis Morris . . . The vitality of Anglo-Welsh literature in our generation is matched only by its variety, but the question remains whether it can ever forge a link between succeeding generations in the way that literature in Welsh has always done. It is the product of a generation at only a short remove from spoken Welsh, a generation still rich in peculiar ways of thought and expression, and in its awareness of being a separate community. It is difficult to foresee how these qualities can, in the world of to-day, long survive the loss of the native language.” Here we have a fair statement of the accepted attitude on the subject—an attitude which has never seriously been questioned or investigated. It is the contention of the present writer that these teachings are wholly untenable in the light of the evidence, though this has never been sifted and set out clearly before the public eye; that the second literature of Wales is all but coeval with the second language; that English, at least as a second language, became generally spoken by certain classes of Welshmen from 1485—the date of the accession of the Welsh king, Henry Tudor—onwards; and that from Morris Kyffin (c. 1555/1598) to Idris Davies, who died earlier this year, there have been at least sixty-five Anglo-Welsh poets (excluding, of course, living poets) and probably a number more.

Bilingualism for Wales began with the assumption by Henry VII of the English crown—an act which was interpreted by his fellow-countrymen (and particularly by the bards) as the final triumph of their nation over their ancient adversaries. Welshmen flocked to London and found places at court; were enrolled in the king's new bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard; flourished as tradesmen and as lawyers in the courts at Westminster. Apart from more sober evidence, this strong Welsh element in the capital may be deduced a century later from Shakespeare's plays—particularly from *King Henry the Fourth*,

Part I (Act 3, scene 1)—for by Henry VIII's Act of Union and Elizabeth's English-speaking grammar schools (together with the foundation of Jesus College, Oxford) bilingualism, if not monoglot English speech, was clearly indicated as the royal will for those who would prosper. And those affected by these later measures were those from whom a literary interest in the use of English might be expected, though they did not forget that they were Welshmen. "A knowledge of English," writes Professor David Williams (*A History of Modern Wales*, Murray, 1950), "had become a necessity for a cultured man. The schools, and even more so Jesus College, fostered an intense interest in Welsh antiquities, but in a cultivation of the Welsh language they took no part at all." The products of these institutions—the Welsh gentry and the Welsh clergy and professional men—constitute the main body of Anglo-Welsh poets until our own century, for these classes had acquired English (and often, it is to be regretted, lost Welsh) long before the latter half of the nineteenth century when the mass of people began to be similarly affected. Of the sixty-five Anglo-Welsh poets previously mentioned, forty-five were born between the years 1555 and 1800. Twenty-two of these had a university education (seven at Jesus College, Oxford) and seventeen were ministers of religion—mainly of the Establishment. The contemporary tendency to assume that those who write Anglo-Welsh poetry do so because they have lost their Welsh is not supported by the circumstance that seventeen of these forty-five were definitely Welsh speaking, and in point of fact it is highly likely that twice as many of them were; ten also wrote poetry in the Welsh language. (Of contemporary Anglo-Welsh writers, A. G. Prys-Jones, Huw Menai, R. S. Thomas, Glyn Jones and Emyr Humphreys at once spring to mind as being Welsh speaking.)

Before passing to a consideration of some of the poets themselves, terms must be defined. By *Anglo-Welsh Poetry* is meant poetry written in the English language by Welshmen. By *poetry* is meant the customary forms of composition either in metre or free verse, including hymns. The term *Welshman* is best defined in the rules of competition of the National Eisteddfod of Wales—which, until the Welsh Parliament is constituted, may be considered as the chief custodian of the nation's identity. In the *General Rules and Conditions* of the National Eisteddfod the term *Welsh Competitor* is defined as:—"A person born in Wales, or of Welsh

parents, or any person residing in Wales for three years before the date of the Eisteddfod, or any person able to speak or write the Welsh language." By *Anglo-Welsh poet* is meant a person embraced in the first, second and fourth clauses of the above definition, who writes poetry in the English language; English poets who happened to have lived in Wales—as a number have done—for three or any number of years are not included.

If it is asked how many of the forty-five poets listed between 1555 and 1800 thought of themselves consciously and distinctively as Welsh, one must reply that it is difficult to apply the comparatively rigid and clear-cut conceptions of the twentieth century to historical periods for which they are not wholly valid. All these poets were of Welsh family; a third of them, very possibly two thirds, were Welsh speaking; of the remainder, such evidence as there is points to their having thought of themselves as being most emphatically Welsh. And that, of course, is what they were. On the other hand, one must not look in their English poetry for the characteristics and prosody of poetry in the Welsh language. For the most part they wrote in the manner of the English poetry of their day. This is particularly true of those of them who also wrote poetry in Welsh; they appear to have kept what they wrote in one language severely apart from what they wrote in the other, using each language in terms of its own traditions and conventions. This whole body of poetry, however, abounds in material drawn from the Welsh countryside, Welsh folklore, Welsh history and allusions to Welsh poetry. At the same time, if an intense pre-occupation with form is allowed to be one of the characteristics of classical poetry in the Welsh language and to lie at the core of *cynganedd*, a similar pre-occupation may be traced in the work of many Anglo-Welsh poets—from Donne and George Herbert to Vernon Watkins and Dylan Thomas. Again, there is an undoubted metaphysical tradition in Anglo-Welsh poetry, beginning with John Davies of Hereford (c. 1565–1618) and finding representatives among the poets of our own day. The circumstance that so many Anglo-Welsh poets of the past have been clerics of one sort or another is no doubt partly responsible for this.

Five of the poets listed up to 1800 were born in the Welsh Marches, and Morris Kyffin was one of these; he was born in Oswestry of an aristocratic family. Although to-day Oswestry is well on the English side of the border, it is still a Welsh centre

and one of the two leading newspapers in the Welsh language is produced there. Kyffin was a soldier, a translator, and a poet in both languages. He is followed by Sir John Stradling of St. Donat's in Glamorgan, the author of sundry *Divine Poems*, and then comes John Davies—again from the Marches, for he was born in Hereford. Davies left Oxford (without a degree—presumably because he was a Catholic) and returned to Hereford already with the reputation of a good poet. He was Welsh speaking and at every opportunity he refers to his belonging to the Welsh community, the “race half divine” whose origin can be traced “as farre as Iove”. In one of his poems he addresses Henry, prince of Wales, (who, of course, was Scots) :—“ I speake for those whose tongues are strange to thee”. It is not surprising to find that Davies was known in his day as “the Welsh poet”. His voluminous poetical works were reprinted in two volumes towards the close of the last century; the only commentary upon him seems to be a German work published in 1924.

John Davies of Hereford is followed by Sir John of that name, the famous author of *Orchestra* and other poems. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in his *Studies in Literature* calls him a Welshman, though in point of fact he was born in England. However, a note among the Carte Papers in the Bodleian records :—“ His family had continued several generations in ye place, though descended from a family of that name in South Wales: but planted heere in England Temp. Hen. 7: accompanying at that time ye Earle of Pembroke out of Wales”. Hugh Holland, one of whose sonnets is prefixed to the first folio edition of Shakespeare, was a Welshman of Denbigh. He was a member of the Mermaid Club and a good poet in English and Latin—“ by some thought worthy to be named with Spenser, Sidney and the chief poets of his age”.

To what extent John Donne was consciously a Welshman there is some dispute. But if the blood of St. Thomas More flowed in his veins from his maternal ancestry, “the poet's father” (Izaak Walton relates, presumably upon Donne's information) “was masculinely and lineally descended from a very ancient family in Wales”. Sir Edmund Gosse was inclined to doubt the claim to knightly extraction but the late Bishop of Swansea and Brecon, in his 1953 broadcast lecture on *Henry Vaughan*, claimed in passing that Donne's father “was of the Dwms of Kidwelly”, and certainly John Donne bore their arms when he was Dean of St. Paul's.

William Vaughan of Golden Grove in Carmarthenshire is the next poet, in chronological order, though he is best remembered to-day as founder of the Welsh colony—"Cambriol"—in Newfoundland. Then come the Herberts, Edward and George. Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, was born in the Marches, but at the age of nine he was placed under the care of a tutor for the purpose of learning Welsh and other ancient and modern languages. His brother George was Welsh born, and since he too was placed under the care of a tutor before going to Westminster School we may presume it was for the same purpose. Other poets born in the sixteenth century were Rowland Watkyns of Herefordshire; James Howell of Breconshire, Historiographer-royal to Charles II, (a bilingual poet); and David Lloyd, Dean of St. Asaph.

Writing of Thomas Traherne, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch suggests that the metaphysical movement in English poetry is of Welsh origin:—"I will ask you to note that Donne, Herbert, Vaughan and he—the four whose spiritual kinship we have been tracing, came all by ancestry, proud or poor, from the Welsh Marches. Donne's forefathers were of Wales and spelt their name 'Dwynne'. The Herberts were lords over Pembroke, the Vaughans over Brecknockshire, Traherne a poor tradesman's son of Hereford". (*Studies in Literature*, page 153.) With these he associates Sir John Davies, but there are many more names whom he does not mention—Davies of Hereford has already been noted in this connection—and of these the outstanding one is Morgan Llwyd.

The first Anglo-Welsh poet to be born in the seventeenth century was Sir Roger Lorte of Stackpole in Pembrokeshire, whose reputation as a smuggler persists locally to this day; another Lorte—William—was also esteemed in his day a good poet. Then comes Morgan Llwyd of Merionethshire, one of the most remarkable of all the Anglo-Welsh poets. He wrote some fifty-two poems, of which thirty are in English; some of them end with a couplet in Welsh. Llwyd was a puritan divine and his most powerful vein of poetry is prophetic and penitential. From his meeting-house in Wrexham he cries woe upon king and bishop, upon London and Europe—for his vision is European in its embrace:—

*Woe is to Europe! Now the day
approacheth very nigh
Of plague, flame, sword and hailstones great:
Woe, Europe, blind and high!*

And yet he is capable of pure lyricism :—

*Sing on a brittle sea of glass,
Sing in a furne of fire :
In flames we leap for joy and find
a cave a singing quire.*

Llwyd is followed by the famous Henry Vaughan, Traherne and a number of others, and the century ends with the birth of John Dyer.

Some twenty-three Anglo-Welsh poets were born in the eighteenth century—among them, four women. The influences of Pope, Goldsmith and Gray begin to appear in Anglo-Welsh poetry—the following lines from a poem by Evan Evans (1731–1788) show the influence of both the latter :—

*No more shall Mona's oaks be spar'd,
Or Druid circle be rever'd.
On Conway's banks and Menai's streams
The solitary bittern screams ;
And where was erst Llywelyn's court,
Ill-omened birds and wolves resort.*

Yet Mr. Saunders Lewis points out that the mood of lament in this passage was long familiar to Evans in Welsh literature—it is the mood of much of the oldest Welsh poetry.

Evan Evans wrote only three poems in English but, as “ Ieuan Brydydd Hir ”, he was a distinguished poet in the Welsh language. This is a not uncommon happening in this century. Lewis Morris (“ Llewelyn Ddu o Fon ”) produced one or two fine English poems. William Williams of Pantycelyn, the great Welsh hymnodist, wrote at least two groups of hymns in English. Edward Williams (“ Iolo Morganwg ”)—the Chatterton, the Ossian of Wales, but how much greater a figure than either of these !—published two volumes of English poetry, and his son “ Taliesin ab Iolo ” did likewise.

During the eighteenth century Anglo-Welsh poetry begins to show an awareness of the splendour of the Welsh countryside. Two long poems of the period may be taken as illustrations of this tendency—poems which come from the extremities of the land. The first is from the pen of the Chepstow poet Edward Davies (1719–1789) about whom little is known save that he was a clergyman and a “ native poet ”. In his long work *Chepstow ; A Poem*,

published in 1784, he writes of Tintern Abbey—nine years before Wordsworth's first visit :—

*Above Lancaut, in a sequester'd dell,
Where monks, in former days, were wont to dwell,
Inclos'd with woods and hills on ev'ry side,
Stands Tintern Abbey, spoil'd of all her pride,
Whose mournful ruins fill the soul with awe,
Where once was taught God's holy saving law ;
Where mitred abbots fann'd the heav'nly fire,
And shook, with hymns divine, the heav'nly choir.
Though now the fallen roof admits the day
She claims our veneration, in decay ;
. . . Her fine old windows, arches, walls, unite
To fill the mind with pity and delight ;
For from her splendid ruins may be seen
How beautiful this desecrated place has been.*

At the other end of the century, and at the other end of Wales, Richard Llwyd (1752–1835)—“ the Bard of Snowdon ”—celebrated the beauties of Anglesey. Llwyd, a learned antiquary, was bilingual but appears to have written only in English. His long poem *Beaumaris Bay*, being a description of a tour from Beaumaris round to Conway and back, mingles classical mythology with Welsh history. Here is his description of Lord Bulkeley's house at Baron-Hill, Beaumaris. One cannot but add that the gloomy emptiness of Baron-Hill to-day makes it evident that Taste was unsuccessful in contending for the palm.

*We hie where BARON-HILL attracts the Muse,
The sunny glades, the brow, and varying views—
Isles, towns, the rising hills, the spreading bay,
The Muse, delighted, owns the grand display ;
Here Flora smiles, and flowers of every hue
Their glowing petals spread, and drink the dew,
Luxuriant rise beneath her fostering care,
And shed their fragrance on the ambient air ;
Here warblers carol on the bending spray,
The Dryads gambol, and the Satyrs play
Through wilds of foliage, and the peaceful groves,
Haunts of the Muse, the leisure hour she loves ;
For Art and Nature here their beauties blend,
And Taste and Bulkeley for the palm contend.*

ART FOR WEALTH'S SAKE

By Marten Cumberland

OUR epoch, unique in many unpleasant ways, is the first to ignore the wisdom and noumena of the Poet and attempt to live by the observed phenomena and value-less measurement of scientist and sciolist. An anthology* therefore, comprising a group of authoritative authors dealing with aesthetic (that is *real*) values, presents itself as something remote and 'right out of this world.' It may be useful to examine how this cultural revolution has been brought about, together with its implications and consequences.

Mere talk of aesthetic notions concerning creative art and its disciplined experience has seldom aroused enthusiasm among practising artists, and it does so even less to-day when those artists are threatened with 'liquidation.' Art is not merely talk about the values surrounding beauty and truth: art is the presentation, and the language of value itself. A few scientists appear to apprehend this fact: thus Professor Herman Levy, in his book, *Thinking*, has written: "The pursuit of fact would lead us to the world of science, the study of values to the world of art."

Wealth-gaining may be conditioned by fact or by illusion, but certainly it will be directed by humanity's desires and impulses. Wealth-gaining cannot be 'raised' or 'reduced' to a science. According to conflicts between wisdom and folly, passion and ennui, good and bad taste, etc., so will a community enjoy its natural wealth or destroy it.

The business of the artist is to discover within his own soul those dreams and desires that he feels to be beautiful and true, and then by his work expose these values in a way that will infect others. Even if it were possible he has no wish to impose his will on others. He merely offers, persuasively. The Poet and Maker who shall step down from this honoured position and attempt to play the prophet, moralist, teacher or economist, is at once compromised. Something of virtue has gone out of him. Those who might be moved by his work apprehend some lack of integrity; and so, in varying degrees, the art-work loses its power and validity.

*THE PROBLEM OF AESTHETICS: *A Book of Readings*. Edited by Eliseo Vivas and Murray Krieger. (Rinehart & Coy., Inc., New York. \$6.)

Pure art, honestly conceived and executed, has hitherto been a mighty persuasive force. It is eminently practical inasmuch as it aims at fruition. The artist is the man who finishes a job. Art *satisfies*; and one of its many mysteries is that it may do so when its material is seemingly 'unpleasant.' The human soul frequently discovers ecstasy when confronted with pictures—pitiful, tragic, and even drab—painted by Art against the background-canvas of our eternal dreams and aspirations. Art is the enemy of boredom. Until history is properly written we shall never know the havoc that has been played in human affairs by the inane pettiness arising in some mean, despotic soul. Stendhal has described the *roué*, who boasted that because of his crimes he would be broken on the wheel, but for the fact that he stood above the law. "All power corrupts" is an historically accurate observation; it is wholly false if transferred to the world of Art.

In opposition to the false power exercised by the blasé, the fetishist, the mad corrupter and destroyer of wealth-values, the artist offers the realities of harmonious function and real living. He implores people to look and fully *perceive* the loveliness, as well as the terrible grandeur of our daedal earth. He advocates no mere political 'pursuit of happiness' but an identification of wealth-gaining with Joy. To gloat over the power of enjoyment that *might* be indulged and never is—that is to take the road to madness. Identification of wealth with Joy means quite simply that men get wealth—that, in the scriptural sense they *know* it—only when they enjoy it.

There are in fact two, and only two things Man can do with the fruits of the earth. He may live in harmony with Nature and enjoy them; or he may turn freak and suicide and destroy them. There is no middle course.

So far, all through recorded history, civilisations have not hesitated in their choice of behaviour. Progressively they have organised a wholesale destruction of wealth; or, what amounts to the same thing, they have acquiesced in such destruction when debauched by powerful and insane minorities. And civilisations have entombed themselves, beneath the pyramids of Mexico and Egypt, and under the bomb-blasted rubble hurled upon the glory that was Europe and the grandeur that was Japan.

The moulding of human desires in order to communicate and maintain real, wealth-gaining values is then the social function of the artist. And these values harmonise with those the educationalist calls Culture, those the religionist describes as the Good Life, and those the technician discovers to be a *workable* order of society. The artist is apt to ally himself with philosopher and moralist in striving for the Good Life, and with scientist and engineer in examining whether or no "a thing will work." It is suggested that this is the essential meaning of the slogan, "Art for art's sake," and that a legitimate variation of the phrase will be, "Art for the sake of wealth-gaining."

For at least two centuries there has taken place a mighty struggle, and, although this has been of the greatest importance to humanity, yet, owing to a general ignorance of art-values, the conflict appears to have passed unnoticed. This fight has been between Artist and Machine-Man, between those who would maintain a steady flow of wealth-values, and those who would interrupt the flow to gain despotic power.

To comprehend what has happened, and is now happening in a much-intensified fashion, a picture of the modern, wealth-gaining 'economy' must be briefly presented.

Physically wealth must be regarded as a potential *flow*. In a machine-age, of almost literally illimitable production, wealth flows, potentially, in a mighty spate from the Machine, and in a comparative trickle from agriculture. The word, *potentially*, is important. Because, superimposed upon all wealth-gaining is a technique (or piece of machinery) that is called costing-accountancy, money, credit, purchasing-power, price-tickets, taxation, etc.

This costing-accountancy of the Machine-Man has never been examined scientifically and unemotionally—except by the artist who, to-day, has no authority. And consequently society has been brought to the brink of anarchy and chaos. Whilst Man the Maker, working as inventor, discoverer, husbandman, etc., has achieved miracles in empowering humanity to increase a wealth-flow, the Machine-Man has contrived to have this potential flow checked, 'processed,' perverted, withheld, and in fact destroyed overtly and covertly. Thus for example any fresh discovery or invention tends to be regarded in the business-world from one viewpoint only: will this thing increase or diminish

money-profits? According to the decision arrived at so will the invention be permitted to pass, via the costing-accountancy, into the possession of the community for its enjoyment and usufruct.

This means that real government resides in the power of Price-Fixing. And the implications of this are so stupendous, so far-reaching, that undoubtedly a whole new literature must, one day, be evolved from these implications. Much of that literature will be discovered and garnered from the wisdom of the past, but some of it may hold fresh conceptions for the spirit of Man.

Emphatically conceptions of 'debt' and 'cost' cannot be left to financiers who traffic in money as a commodity; and they cannot be left to 'orthodox economics.'* This so-called 'science' was constituted out of moral philosophy, and its picture of wealth-gaining is now hopelessly entangled in contradictory notions that mix up what is workable with moral rewards and punishments, ending finally in the grotesquerie of "economic warfare"! Economics, in fact, translates wealth into debt, and leisure into 'unemployment.' (Which the moralist only too often dubs 'idleness').

Blandly the Machine-Man has ignored, and treated as 'amateurish,' the wealth-gaining wisdom of Leonardo, Dante, Bacon, Shakespeare, Goethe, Heine, Godwin, Shelley, De Quincey, Morris, Carlyle, Ruskin, Pater, Wilde, John Davidson, Richard Jefferies—in fact the whole tradition of literature—save Bernard Shaw! But, when one is dealing with a wealth-flow dominated by the issue of purchasing-power, it is well to remember the words of Macaulay: "If the law of gravity were opposed to any great pecuniary interests there would be thousands ready to deny the law of gravity."

Orthodox economics represents the power of all the money there is. Perhaps, with respectful and appropriate ceremony, the economists should be buried at Fort Knox.

The artist is not a moralist, or, in any direct sense, a teacher; yet to oppose wealth-destruction is as instinctive to him as saving a child's life will be to the normal woman.

*The moment an author deals with real wealth-gaining values what he writes approximates to Art and becomes 'unorthodox' in the world of economics. Cf. Ruskin; Wilde ("Soul of Man"); and even Henry George.

One knows that any system of rewards and punishments devised by men must be fallible ; but they need not be grotesque. When they are, and civilised man can do nothing but "plan for survival," the artist is forced, willy-nilly away from his more happy occupations into active criticism of the confusion prevailing.

When the thing called Money, *tout court*, gives access to all wealth-gaining values it becomes absurd and dangerous to regard this Money as something 'merely material.' Money comes through credit-issue, and this word *credit* reveals how the faith, hope, courage, despair of Man are implicated. By its *credit* a people win a war and lose a peace ; by his *credit* a man is free or enslaved. Thus, for example, freedom does not lie in your passport and no money, it lies in your money and no passport.

It is necessary not only to observe, measure, weigh, and analyse phenomena ; after that someone must *evaluate* it, and in terms of the Good Life for mankind. Also one must discriminate between the 'workable' and the 'unworkable,' the true and the false, the beautiful and the ugly. To the ancient Greek what was 'beautiful' was also 'good.'

When Burke said, rhetorically : "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance," it is obvious, surely, that cultured civilisation was disappearing, and Man had become a hunted creature ? For a continual alertness, against the machinations of power-lust tricksters, is incompatible with the security and leisure intended by a civilised society. "The citizen without property is not free to act," said Belloc. It may be added that the modern citizen, proletarianised, conscripted, over-worked or unemployed, bewildered by propaganda and debauched by ignoble, mechanical entertainment, has neither the sensitivity nor the intelligence, the virility or the heroic virtue to fight against that treachery which must reside "at the top" if it is to work effectively.

At this moment of history the Machine-Man would appear to have won the fight. But, since his is the power that must be abused to be maintained, he is probably threatened with disaster as much as his victims. Perhaps it is really the Machine that has conquered, and so we live in a world that is, as Georges Bernanos put it, "Yellow with hate and crouched upon the atomic bomb."

It is a world fascinated by a thing called 'proof' ; a world hypnotised by numbers and figures—figures in a ledger, figures on a statistician's report, on a tax-demand. The artist *proves*

nothing ; and so, in an age of mechanistic values, of narrow specialisation, and a divorce between Religion, Art and Science, the legend of the vaguely dreaming and unpractical artist grows to common acceptance.

Yet the greatest discoveries of Science have been visualised and anticipated by Art. It is not etiquette to say such things, but the theory of Copernicus went unnoticed for a hundred years until it was taken up by Galileo. The nebular hypothesis was ignored as long as it was merely Kant's ; it was accepted when fathered by Laplace.

Flaubert can scarcely be regarded as a mere 'escapist' when he warned his countrymen they would lose the war of 1870 because their armies' rifle was inefficient. Nor was Ruskin an unpractical dreamer when he stated that industrialism produced not wealth but *illth*.

The distinction between 'fine' and 'useful' arts is a modern invention, and it is a false conception. The modern, fragmentary mind is filled with these inane distinctions, such as the 'production' and (that wasting disease) 'consumption' of the economists. Plainly both must be essential and welded parts of wealth-gaining. The final confusion—spelling non-stop war to cure the 'Unemployment problem'—comes with mistaking money-tokens for wealth itself.

The basis of such errors lies in an abuse of scientific method, and in false usage of words and figures.*

Wilde said : " No artist wishes to prove anything."

Like many of the neglected epigrams of Wilde (Cf. "Nowadays we know the price of everything and the value of nothing") this dictum is subtle and profound. For in Art there are no new truths, only fresh, individual perceptions and aspects of truth. So, in his own idiosyncratic fashion, the artist approaches moralist and religionist, inasmuch as a true art-value must be appreciated as self-evident once it is exposed. And, if this is not so, then it must be bad art, and no artist will wish it to be accepted as valid.

*Said Bishop Berkeley : " The opinion of the pure and intellectual nature of numbers in abstract hath . . . set a price on the most trifling numerical speculations, which in practice are of no use, but serve only for amusement ; and hath therefore so far infected the minds of some, that they have dreamt of mighty mysteries involved in numbers, and attempted the explication of natural things by them. But if we inquire into our own thoughts, and consider what hath been premised, we may perhaps entertain a low opinion of those high flights and abstractions, and look on all inquiries about numbers, only as so many *dificiles nugae* so far as they are not subservient to practice and promote the benefit of life."

Statements of artists regarding wealth-gaining then may come to resemble the moralists' injunctions as to behaviour. Thus the artist's advice not to permit wealth to be destroyed is analogous to saying 'Love your neighbour'; for wealth-withholding comes from greed, fear and hate. An artificial struggle is contrived, and then said to be a *Law* of Nature.

Art-work then is true, and effective, and can move people, only when it reveals to them things they know in their hearts already. Everyone knows money is not wealth. Everyone knows that to drive ten thousand ewe-lambs into the sea is inexcusable. No one believes that goods and services are "worth what they will fetch in the money-market." Humanity, in fact, does not act on any such basis of calculation; and, if and when, humanity does so, it must perish.

Works of Art are still spoken of as 'national treasures,' and as being 'beyond price.' When there has started one of our military wars, so necessary for full-time employment, great pains are taken to preserve the nation's works of art. Money on the other hand is poured out 'recklessly,' and is even to a great extent replaced by ration-cards. No one really takes seriously the statistician's figures when he says a war *costs* £14,000,000 a day: but everyone knows it costs blood, sweat and tears.

If modern civilisations are to survive men must rid their minds of the incoherencies of value indicated above.* Our minds are not merely fragmentary, they become schizophrenic. We have come to the point of recognising 'warfare' (whatever that may mean) as something far less dreadful than 'unemployment,' and, in fact, 'war' is an essential part of our 'economy.'

There is in Japan a fish carefully kept in a tank because some extraordinary sensitivity enables the creature to give advance warnings of earthquakes and so save villagers from destruction. But it may be noted that the animal's apprehensions cannot function, and its usefulness is gone, if its tank is electrically insulated.

In some ways the modern artist resembles that poor fish.

*Consider this extract from Arnold Bennett's 'Journals.' It is dated, 1st January, 1916. England is at war and fighting for her life, which life is evaluated by certain leaders in terms of financial figures. "Masterman said that in the still-existing crisis, McKenna and Runciman had both actually resigned, as they could not get a guarantee that the army should not be allowed to exceed a given total, they being convinced that we could not financially carry on unless a strict limit was set. Asquith then implored, etc."

A MAN IN HIS POSITION

By K. Arnold Price.

IN the first ten years of her marriage to Riki, Maura progressed from grievance to grievance, clinging obdurately to each sterile pinnacle as a goat will cling to a boulder on a barren hillside while below him lie the sweet pastures. It seemed to us her friends that each harsh eminence sustained and exalted her as a pillar its saint ; in some way she was nourished upon humiliation. She grew in arrogance as a saint grows in humility ; by constant meditation upon injustices she achieved a tension of ecstasy that in a more Bovarian woman would have been induced only by passion. Maura was not passionate. She was a sensual creature who expected her pleasures. At the time of her marriage she was an auburn girl with an ingenuous warmth that was both an invitation and a warning.

Riki was a rosy silent young man with prospects, a child's hands and feet, and fair eyelashes that veiled a look that may have been perspicuous or merely timid.

In the first few months of marriage he proved disconcerting. He would retrieve an ear-ring from the warm bed, a sweet from the bathroom, a nail-file from the sideboard or aspirins from an ash tray, offering them to Maura at the tips of his slippery monkey fingers.

You're a slut, he said, slinging the small compact word at her like a pebble.

He amended her casual kitchen arrangements, marshalling food into categories and canisters.

You're a sloven, said he.

Of course, said Maura, it's *absolutely ridiculous* No man in his position And no husband *ever*

You didn't marry a Husband. You married Riki.

Let him be, Maura. What does it matter ?

He sees, Dan, that I resent it. If he persists, then he does it to exasperate me.

Nonsense! It's a game. He's playing House.

But Maura could not tolerate a husband who played with his kitchen. She was a visionary. As a virgin she had seen a beatific vision of marriage shining before her, secular and consummate as a medieval's vision of a battlemented heaven. She was prepared to protect that bright integrity with the intransigence of a militant saint. In her remonstrances she bore daily witness to her faith.

Rumour ran crackling between our two flats.

They had a real row last night, they started throwing things . . .

Now, Nuala, you are not to

And at any rate, Riki would never

It wasn't Riki, it was Maura, she threw a —.

Dan, she wants him to woo her. Maybe he didn't. Maybe he just married her. So many Irishmen do. *I* know

He *wishes* to humiliate me, said Maura in the foyer of the Abbey Theatre. He said *in front of our guests* that caper sauce should be made with melted butter. Where did he learn about caper sauce? Was it in jail? Did Bill McGilligan teach him?

Then Riki took to cooking.

Come to dinner, he said abruptly, looming above us, glass in hand as we sat together in O'Donoghue's. Come tomorrow.

He walked away and came back.

What do you like to eat?

Oysters, said Kitty.

You, Dan?

Steak and mushrooms.

Right. Come early.

Do you think he means it? said Kitty.

We arrived at seven. Riki admitted us, wearing an apron. Bill McGilligan and a stranger were in the living room and a number of bottles stood on the floor. We ate oysters and drank

stout, and then we ate steaks and drank brandy and Riki talked of giving a barbecue party on the roof in summer. He brought us into the kitchen to watch him fry fritters and to make our choice of fillings from a great array of dishes laid out neatly on a shelf for our inspection—curls of ham, chunks of fresh pineapple, mango chutney, sections of orange dipped in rum, slices of garlic sausage, slabs of Dutch and Gruyere cheese, spiced pears and mincemeat.

We put as much gaiety as we could into this little gourmets' ceremony, Riki reminding us that we must then choose our drinks according to the character of our *beignets*; and we were bearing our plates in processional back into the living-room when we heard a step in the hall and Maura entered the room. We halted, uncouthly arrested in our naive progress, remaining poised, ridiculous as statues in a children's game, while she advanced composedly upon us, smiling a prepared smile of welcome; and we, like bashful children discovered by an adult, smiled timorously back, slowly turning our heads to watch her unhurried diagonal course across the living-room to her bedroom. Riki, without apology, followed her and shut the door. From the bedroom came the sound of breaking glass. Then Riki came back and began to open more bottles—a vin rosé, Beaujolais, and rum. After dinner we drank brandy and Benedictine, and Riki's speechless friend sang Spanish folk songs in a muted bass.

When Maura's first child was born, Riki was assiduous. He learned to bath his first-born and did it frequently.

He's a most *efficient* nurse, said Maura bitterly. He's making himself ridiculous in his position

Maura had seven pregnancies and before and during each birth Riki was faithful in attendance. For fourteen years there was always a baby in the house and Riki bathed it more often than Maura did.

In the large house in Monkstown to which they moved after the death of Riki's father, Maura began to entertain.

She was the daughter of a Meath farmer. In this new undertaking she was doubtless sustained by the thought of clean pastures, close-knit hedges and well latched gates, the ample out-buildings standing quiet in sober understatement of their

value. Her unskilled forbears had wrought that unequivocal prosperity from wanton grass by vigilance, by fortitude, by prudent exploitation of the propitious hour, and by vision. These are also the qualities needed to create and maintain that tradition of hospitality whose testimony is in the legend that lives and increases on the lips of the unprivileged.

Throughout the years of social essay, Maura spoke a serial of discontent to us, a quietly-uttered inventory of injustices, whose intensity seemed to live pulsating on the air when her voice had ceased. Her unreason, since it was consistent, assumed a logic of its own. Her exigence became familiar and unremarkable.

Riki neglected the important guests.

He monopolised the important guests.

He did not help her choose the wines.

He interfered with her choice of wines.

He forgot the dates of her dinner parties.

He wrecked her dinner parties by bringing guests at the last minute.

He did not exert himself to talk.

He talked too much about the war in Spain.

He was capricious about people.

He refused to keep Bill McGilligan away on her Tuesdays.

He refused to talk to Arlette Perron who was a journalist and very intellectual.

He would not help her to have musical evenings.

He sang without invitation ballads nobody wanted to listen to.

He neglected his children, but romped unsuitably with them at a garden party.

He was not really sociable.

One evening when the carpet had been lifted for dancing he swept almost the whole party away to a public-house, leaving behind only Mona Fitzpatrick, who was lame, and an elderly Italian couple who spoke little English.

I'm going *to give up* my Tuesdays, said Maura. I'll give no more dinner parties. I thought it was my duty to act as hostess for Riki. A man in his position should entertain. But

I will not give him any further opportunities to insult me before my guests and to interfere with my plans. This is the end.

Maura began to destroy her social life. She destroyed it with a fanatical thoroughness that she had not given to building it up. It was impossible sometimes not to think that she had created it in order that there might be this act of immolation. But in her retreat from society, in her consistent withdrawal from all forms of social life (for now, of necessity, she refused all formal invitations) she showed resolution, or at least, tenacity. In the abstinence of the years that followed, there appeared to me to be a proof of a strong mind or adamant will. She took up no compensatory activity. Abnegation remained her daily fare.

Awful pictures we have, said Riki suddenly one evening. I'm going to scrap them.

You will do nothing of the kind, Riki. They are my pictures, *You* never bought any.

Didn't I? Well, I'm going to. Told Binchy I'd take two of his.

That ! I won't have them here, Riki. This is my drawing-room.

It's my house.

No husband would interfere in the home as you do. Perhaps you'd like to choose the curtains.

Well wouldn't do any harm if I did.

Do you think, said Kitty, Do you think it's just a game? Do you think they enjoy it?

I don't. Caper sauce, I think. On Maura's side, anyway. She is jealous of Riki's attempt to make a life for himself. And that's only a bit of phallic prancing too. Riki has no feeling for painting.

But the tension There must be *something* some bond or they couldn't go on living together.

And then one evening I came in to find Kitty and Maura sitting on opposite sides of the fire in the immobility of exhaustion. Empty sherry glasses stood beside them. Shreds of cigarette smoke hung like tattered flags upon the heavy air. Maura did

not turn her head to return my greeting. A glance at her showed that she was swollen and sodden with weeping.

Maura wanted to see you, Dan.

I want you to speak to Riki, said Maura in a composed voice. He needs the advice of an older man. He will listen to you. I want you to make him see what he looks like. He is making a spectacle of himself.

She paused. I waited.

Those boys, said Maura. Little bums. Binchy and that crowd. It's not suitable. Riki is nearly forty. He doesn't like me to say it but he is. He's making a laughing-stock of himself running around with those boys. He doesn't know anything about art and never will. Any lad that uses a paint brush knows now that he can get free drinks and free meals out of Riki. Soon the house will be an asylum for art students. He really can't go on behaving like this. He is even talking their jargon. And last night Binchy and he brought home a roast chicken and ate it with their fingers in the drawing-room at two o'clock in the morning. It won't do, Dan. And then their *dreadful* records and their talk about Prokofiev It's worse than drink. If Riki got drunk but he never does. And of course, as you can imagine, *I'm* not consulted about anything I never know when I wake in the morning who has stayed the night He doesn't see they are just using him. And the conversation at table is *designed* to exclude me

The dusky voice ceased and there was only the breathing of the fire. I was slow in answering. The warmth, my memories, and the thought of this comely woman's sad seventeen years of waging marriage combined to induce melancholy.

Binchy is well spoken of, Maura. Couldn't you bring yourself to like him? Couldn't you think of him as a protégé? They say he's a coming man. If you put up with him now maybe you'll be able to say later that you befriended genius.

I don't care. He's a lout. And if he is a genius Riki and I are not the right people for him. I want Riki respected. I want a happy home for my children, not a not a and the next thing they'll bring *women*. Please, Dan, try. He will listen to you. He likes you.

But of course I did not try. A sad lacuna fell between us then, an irremediable void. But unexpectedly, the school-going children began to visit us in their own right, flashing in and out of the flat like the blue tits flashing to the window sills; and for years we had evanescent glimpses of Riki and Maura in the shifting perspective of their children.

We had a lovely fire in the garden last night, Daddy made it of twigs and leaves and things and he burnt all our comics and Mom went out and said she was going to buy every comic in the town and she did and she brought them in to us, it was nice of her but we didn't want them then and we did want the fire so we burnt them too, it was a lovely fire and me and Deirdre stayed up till nine o'clock and Daddy bathed us.

Look, Dan, could you, *could* you lend me my bus fare home? Give it back to you to-morrow, I'll get it off Evie. Riki's promised her half-a-dollar because she stayed awake last night and let him in the study window when Mom had locked him out. Personally, I think we should organise this on a proper basis and have code signals, just for Evie and me and Riki, but Evie says it would be immoral to organise against Mom.

We'd die without Mom, she just loves us and sees that we eat, and sends us to Mass, but Daddy, well, he's great fun, but I don't like cold baths and I don't want to listen to Beethoven

Oh, Riki's all right, what's wrong with him is he's too much the nostalgic gunman

But, Roddy, Mom has no *sympathy* she doesn't even *try* to understand him.—A wife should use tact and forbearance when dealing with a husband——

Sweet Jesus, where did you get that? Can't you see that Riki *wants* to be locked out, *wants* to be an exile, on the run, fingering the trigger in the heather in the cauld, cauld blast And all those old ballads!

Yes, do you remember how he used to try to teach them to us? Ha, ha.

Mind if I hang about a bit, Kitty? I want to go home with Riki and it's too early to go down to the office. No, thanks, I'm not short, I just want to go home with him because I think he needs someone to stand by him now. Well, you see, Riki was

taking Evie to Scotland and was going to show her off to the relations, and when Mom heard it she asked Evie to go to Switzerland with her *as well as Maimie*, and the little slut is going, it's just like a woman to go to the highest bidder, and I don't think Riki should be stood up like that, and well, anyway I'm just calling for Riki and going home with him.

I've nothing against the parents No complaints. Of course they're maladjusted. Who isn't? You don't want their marriage *sanitized*, do you? Reconditioned? Teased? Combed out? Brushed up? Soon we'll be off their hands and they can have their incompatibility in comfort.

One day I met Maura alone, walking down Grafton Street. We went into a pub and sat side by side on a bench. I ordered two drinks and then I took Maura's hand and listened to her lovely voice, though not to her words. Life suddenly seemed clear and innocent, because for the first time in twenty-five years Maura and I were sitting together, without purpose or apprehension, willing to enjoy the moment. I could feel the faintly scented fur of her coat heaving gently beside me like the flank of a healthy animal. I was aware again, as I had been in youth, of that impulsive warmth that was both an invitation and a warning. With a sentimentality that was half induced and half genuine, I began to speak of the days when as a student I had found her disturbing. In a moment the simple creature was giggling happily. I drew her into reminiscence and watched her throw back her head in the old way; I heard notes in her voice that I had not heard for years. Here in this matron's body, lived the young Maura still, a buoyant, vigorous spirit, shallow perhaps, unreflecting perhaps, but ready to love and be loved. The half-fictitious mood of sentimentality lingered in me, and meeting Riki in a pub that evening I began to lecture him.

I don't fornicate, said Riki very abruptly, I don't take my secretary out to lunch. I don't pinch the housemaid's bottom. I pay all the bills without question. What does she want?

Happiness, Riki, said I fatuously. Love Riki looked at his watch.

I have to make a 'phone call before six.

When Riki was about fifty, he handed over his office to his eldest son Richard, and began to fly for his firm. He flew to Rome

and The Hague, to Buenos Ayres and New York, to Lisbon and Copenhagen.

Wherever he went Maura went with him.

Whenever we met them, they were arriving or departing, tranquil and cordial, but un leisured.

And now at the time of writing Riki and Maura have been flying about the world together for four years and the airy distance that so frequently separates us is not only actual but symbolic ; across the ever-widening river we cry our salutations of hail and farewell, but they are becoming negligible and will soon be meaningless.

It may be that Maura and Riki have at last found a way to eat their daily bread together in peace. It may be that they are set free by the unprejudiced glance of strangers. But they will meet none who knows or cares to learn the ballad of Riki's heroic youth, and none who can perceive the quality of Maura's importunate innocence.

The riddle of their relationship, the deep intricacies of its pattern, its scars and confused embellishments, will remain to provoke our conjecture like an ancient indecipherable inscription until old age throws up its silt and we no longer remember its challenge.

Sometimes I see Riki and Maura flitting over the surface of the earth, stubborn and uncomprehending as moths, masking in movement the defeat of their bewildered hearts ; two featureless figures in that anonymous stream that keeps the doors of every Hotel Splendide revolving.

And I may be quite mistaken.

Those two, said my domestic Chorus suddenly one night. Those two ; maybe there was love in it after all. I wonder does he still wash her hair. Did you know, Dan, that all through the silences and the lockings-out and the lacerations Riki always washed Maura's hair himself ?

I was nearly asleep. And then I saw it. The head bowed in submission, the fair neck vulnerable, the priest-like figure, grave at his ritual of lustration, secure from the invitation and warning of her eyes, dominating her with meticulous fingers ; and in the immoderacy of dream I saw the auburn hair rippling away to the horizon in those subversive waves that for thirty years had troubled Riki's timid blood and mine.

DRAMATIC COMMENTARY

By A. J. Leventhal.

THE HILL OF QUIRKE. By Christine Longford. Gate Theatre.

GIGI. By Anita Loos from the novel by Colette. Royal Irish Academy of Music.

THE ENCHANTED. By Jean Giraudoux. Royal Irish Academy of Music.

THE LOVE OF FOUR COLONELS. By Peter Ustinov. Gaiety Theatre.

ST. JOAN. By Bernard Shaw. Gate Theatre.

The Irish are rarely if ever touchy on their home ground; theatre rioting is rather an Irish-American habit. Like the English—and this is becoming more and more evident—they listen calmly and indeed with pleasure to the cynicisms, jibes and criticisms generally, made at their expense on the stage. *This Other Eden* and *Home is the Hero*, to take two recent plays, concentrated on the native foibles and filled the auditorium. Of the vitriol of Walter Macken and Louis D'Alton there is scarcely a bead on Lady Longford's pen, but her *The Hill of Quirke* is satire nevertheless and of a less general kind.

The Bowl of Light had hardly reached the bottom of the Liffey before she must have embarked on the writing of her play. The very topicality of the motivating idea—the planning of a national festival in a small town—added a welcome piquancy to the action. There is no need to dwell on the plot; in its broad essentials it was enacted all over the country in actuality. There is nothing really unexpected except perhaps the change of heart of the two young people who decide, in the best curtain tradition, to marry.

Nor are the characters particularly novel if one excepts Captain Blood, who is, much more than an impoverished relic of the *ancien régime*, an eccentric in his own right. How punctiliously penetrating was Maurice O'Brien's interpretation of this rôle! Exception, too, must be made of the antithesis between priest and parson—the full-blooded confidence of the one against the anaemic steadfastness of the other—Dermod Tuohy and Alphonse O'Reilly extracting all the riches from these two meaty parts. The play moves along merrily on a tide of lively and revealingly witty dialogue, interrupted all too frequently (though this is part of the fun) by the speech-making hotel-keeper, Sean Merriman (well sustained by Charles Mitchel), and lifted again by his daughter Maureen (engagingly portrayed by Rita Foran). Dan O'Connell's production was set at the right speed for so gay a piece.

Pilgrim Productions are nothing if not adventurous. They are determined to keep Dublin abreast or, at least, in contemporaneous alignment with French

drama. Obviously we have much leeway to make up and must not complain if we are not treated to the dramatic *dernier cri* from the boulevards. There is always the difficulty presented by the different moral standards that obtain in this country and in France as to what is legitimate stage material. What the islander may consider fit to be slyly seen on a Paris holiday would be received by him with hoots of disapproval if submitted to the public in his native land. Schools and colleges have the same misgivings when confronted with the problem of finding a *suitable* play for production by students. As a result of the awareness of this incompatibility of aesthetic moral values, many French plays only find room on the Irish and English stage after being trimmed into a form in keeping with the prevailing moral tone.

Gigi has a Colette background which might appear to conform to all that would be unwelcome to an audience nurtured in these islands. An aged *cocotte*, who has preserved her fortune at the cost of an unregretted virtue, undertakes the tutelage of her grand-niece. She prepares her for a brilliant future under the protection of a wealthy leader of fashion. The growing child is taught to appreciate precious stones and is coached in the necessary wiles to bring them into her possession. The very unfamiliarity of this background in this part of the world, and indeed in the France of to-day (for it belongs to the youth of the eighty-year-old Colette), gives the play the attraction of a museum piece. The moral, if there is one, is in keeping with the highest of morals, for the young girl revolts against her well-meaning mentor, wittingly or not, bettering the instruction, for the play ends with her marrying the possibly reformed *roué*—an eventuality which never entered the head of the aged wily *courtisane*.

The only excuse for this adaptation of Colette's novel by Anita Loos is the character of the young girl *Gigi*, who develops from adolescent tomboyishness into young womanhood and the acting potentialities of the part of the grand-aunt. The former rôle was played with verve by Kay Maher, who romped as a fifteen-year-old and raged and wept in the equivocal situation of her rejection of the eligible man's proposals. Julie Hamilton gave a competent performance as Alicia, the grand-aunt. It was, however, inexplicable, why she and the other members of the caste, having correctly pronounced *Gigi* as though it were a child's pet horse, should have decided to give a hard 'g' to *Gilberte*, the heroine's full name.

After the grandiloquence of Giraudoux's *La Folle de Chaillot* it was good to enjoy the freshness of nature and the frank teaching of the gay young girls by their enthusiastic, if too introspective, schoolmistress Isabel in his *Intermezzo*, or, as it is called, not too happily, in this English translation, *The Enchanted*. This was also produced by the Pilgrim Players and in wit as well as in dramatic purpose far surpasses *Gigi*. We are, however, not left long to bask in the sunshine of the happy ingenuous prattle of the schoolchildren with their pointed answering to the questions put by the officious, over-rational School-Inspector. The passion that Giraudoux has for the imposition of imagination on reality leads the inquiring mind of Isabel into realms beyond the borders of ordinary life. She hears a voice, if not voices, calling her to the world of spirits. And it requires the common-sense of the Supervisor, who loves her, to save her from embracing death out of an all too human curiosity. The final scene, in which the Doctor mobilises her pupils and friends to catch her waking consciousness with the noises of familiar

things, to snatch it as it were out of the trance in which it was being mysteriously engulfed, made an excellent piece of expressionistic theatre.

Kay Maher played Isabel—an exacting rôle—with sympathy. She made the incredible credible to an audience already conditioned by the author into a state that would welcome deception. Patrick Layde's quiet and firm manner sat well on his part as Supervisor, whilst Sam Lynn's overweening cocksureness as The Inspector fitted admirably. Ralph Kennedy was a Doctor to the bedside-manner born. Miss Albericci must be congratulated on this production as well as that of *Gigi*, though there were lapses of speed and lines in the latter play.

Two productions by the Edwards-MacLiammóir Company have made it clear that a new stage star has arisen in Ireland. We had known Siobhán McKenna in her pre-film days when she showed promise. Her appearance in a number of films suggested that she was likely to go far in the cinema world. Having returned to Dublin and the legitimate stage, she has given further proof that we have among us an actress of the calibre of Maire O'Neill and Sarah Allgood. Her Pegeen Mike was no accidental success; she has followed it with the protean prowess of The Beauty in *The Love of Four Colonels*, and has now created what might well be her most outstanding performance in the title rôle of *St. Joan*.

It can be safely said that without her these plays might both have been competently done. Hilton Edwards rarely fails us. But with her they were raised to a standard seldom seen in this city. While she was on the stage we were held sufficiently for the spell to last until she re-appeared. Her Joan with its peasant strength and peasant accent could have raised a battalion for the Dauphin, just as Maud Gonne might have roused the pit to follow her as Kathleen Ni Houlihan.

LUCIFER AND THE LORD. A play by Jean-Paul Sartre. Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.

HOME IS THE HERO. A play in two acts. By Walter Macken. McMillan and Co., Ltd. 8s. 6d.

THE REFLECTED STAR AND OTHER PLAYS. By John Prudhoe. Tunbridge Wells. Peter Russell.

A writer with a mission, especially if that mission is to propagate a philosophical thesis, cannot for long subjugate his gospel to the demands of his art. Sartre has succeeded with *Huis Clos* and *La Putain Respectueuse* in producing satisfying works of art whilst at the same time demonstrating his individual conception of life. In *Le Diable et le bon Dieu*, as in *Les Mouches*, we get Sartre the philosopher rather than Sartre the dramatist. There is always a cerebral conflict in Sartre, one which he can clarify in his own mind but which often, as in this case, cannot be dramatically set down. Not that there is no dramatic quality in *Lucifer and the Lord* (as the English translation titles it). The

transition of the medieval Goetz from the heartless trampler on the rights and lives of the peasants to leader of the revolt of the same peasants against oppression is in itself the very stuff of drama. But the stage is too large, the play too long, the argumentation too overloaded to make good theatre. At its production in Paris, M. Jouvet had to cut considerably and only such an enterprising producer as the latter would have dared to put it on the stage at all. This is one of those Sartre plays which must be read to be fully savoured, and Kitty Black has rendered it into acceptable English prose.

Home is the Hero, on the contrary, makes better theatre than it does reading. Its theatrical quality has been proved by an exceptionally long run at the Abbey Theatre. Its violences and exaggerations have not prevented large and continuing audiences from applauding it vigorously. Even the weak ending, in which the Ibsenian Norah theme is reversed and Paddo walks out on his wife, does not seem to have damped the general approbation. The publication of the play will make performances possible outside the Abbey Theatre by other companies. The play was fully examined by the present writer in an earlier number of this magazine on its first appearance and the enthusiasm which it aroused was analysed. The text should find many readers who may wish to relive their excitement and others anxious to find out what caused it.

John Prudhoe can use verse with unaffected ease as a dramatic vehicle. He is not afraid to simplify to the extent of employing the language of everyday speech:

It would be more to the point
If you looked up the trains returning to town tonight.

And in the same play, *My Brother's Keeper*, he can find the unusual image:

He can be mad
As springtime sun on water, or resigned
As some old patient Jesuit at Mass.

The dialogue in this tragedy (the most effective one), as in the two other plays collected in this volume—all in one act—acquires distinction in its blending of metrical prose and orthodox poetry. The drama which gives the book its title has its stress more on the psychology of the characters and their relation to each other than on *dénouement*. In *Clothes Make the Man*, Mr. Prudhoe adapts Gottfried Keller to make a comedy in the concentrated form that verse drama demands.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE TRANSLATIONS OF EZRA POUND. Faber and Faber. 30s.

With this collection of the translations gathered from various volumes or previously uncollected Messrs. Faber and Faber take one further step towards making all Pound's work available in convenient form. The introduction is by Hugh Kenner, whose almost idolatrous admiration of Pound did not blunt the points of penetrating criticism in his full length study, *The Poetry of Ezra Pound*, issued by the same publishers in 1951. He does not hesitate to refer to "the miraculous accomplishment of Pound's translations" and to justify the claim in face of the sneers of academic critics of the "howlers" in such a piece as *Homage to Sextus Propertius*. There are, of course, numerous translations of Pound's, such as those from Arnaut Daniel, in which he has been concerned to reproduce, not merely the intention or the tone, but the phrasing and pattern of the original. But much, and perhaps the best, of his 'translations' are scarcely to be defined even as adaptations: they are, in his own word, *Personae*. "A persona," says Mr. Kenner, "crystallizes a modus of sensibility in its context. It derives from an attempt to enter an unfamiliar world, develop in oneself the thoughts and feelings indigenous to that world, and articulate them in English." The "crystallization", one observes, is the "translator's" and not, as in orthodox translation, the fixing of the "modus of sensibility" by the original poet, which the translator accepts and renders. It is not necessary to denigrate Pound's original work in order to agree with Wyndham Lewis that "when he can get into the skin of somebody else, of power and renown, a Propertius or an Arnaut Daniel, he becomes a lion or a lynx on the spot. . . ." But it is probably true for him, as for the young poets to whom he recommended the exercise of translation, that the presence of an original was a valuable restraint upon his tendency to allow what he was trying to say "to undergo expedient transformations". Be that as it may, Pound's determined and successful effort to achieve, as a preliminary to translation, "an intense penetration of the author's sense", and then to create "an exact projection" of what his own mind had received, has given us such remarkable poems as *The Seafarer* and *Homage to Sextus Propertius*. The *Homage*, which is not included in the present volume but in *Personae* (1952), is a triumphant, if somewhat special, example of the conversion of an ancient original to a new and living poem. It was Thomas Hardy who suggested that the name of Propertius should be omitted from the title which should instead refer to the real subject of the poem (Pound's opposition to imperialism) rather than to its treatment under the influence of Roman irony. This present volume, *The Translations*, runs to some four hundred pages and includes the *Cavalcanti Poems*, with their strangely pre-Rapaelite quality; the *Arnaut Daniel Poems*; *Cathay*; *The Seafarer*; *Noh Plays* as well as *Dust from Sparrows* from Rémy de Gourmont and some miscellaneous poems. The translations from Confucius have been reserved for a separate volume. Whatever

their wilful or unknowing inaccuracies as "translation", these lines from *The Seafarer* may be accepted as proof and promise of the value of the work to be found here:

Days little durable,
And all the arrogance of earthen riches,
There come now no kings nor Caesars
Nor gold-giving lords like those gone.
Howe'er in mirth most magnified,
Whoe'er lived in life most lordliest,
Drear all this excellence, delights undurable!
Waneth the watch, but the world holdeth.
Tomb hideth trouble. The blade is layed low. . . .

W. P. M.

FOUR METAPHYSICAL POETS. By Joan Bennett. Cambridge University Press. 15s.

Mrs. Bennett's study of Donne, Herbert, Henry Vaughan and Crashaw first appeared in 1934 and is now reprinted with certain modifications and expansions. She finds the term 'metaphysical' not altogether a happy one but retains it because it has been consecrated by use since Dryden first employed it. The term suggests that the quality common to the poets called metaphysical is a preoccupation with the nature of the universe: if so, then Wordsworth is one of them. But, as Mrs. Bennett rightly observes, the term isolates a style rather than a choice of subject matter. Their distinction lies in their possession of "sufficient detachment from an experience, at first intensely felt, to be intellectually aware of its intricacy" and in the practice of defining an emotional experience by means of an intellectual parallel. The logic of the intellect is the chief power shaping this poetry which therefore demands from the reader some capacity for "amalgamating disparate experiences", for being emotionally moved without having to suspend judgement. It demands, too, for its full enjoyment, an ability to give both to words and to pauses their full value in accordance with the sense: there is no being aroused or lulled to an emotional state by hypnotic rhythms in such a poet as Donne, where the rhythm is always imposed by and not upon the sense. Even in Crashaw, as Mrs. Bennett subtly argues, the conceits, however completely consistent of sensation and emotion, depend for their union upon logical device. Mrs. Bennett makes no exorbitant claims for metaphysical poetry and does not ask her readers to accept, as other admirers of the style have done, the narrow theory that paradox and irony are essentials of all good verse. This study, full of sound sense, expressed with modesty and clarity, well deserves to have been reprinted.

W. P. M.

AN HUMBLE SUPPLICATION TO HER MAIESTIE. By Robert Southwell. Edited by R. C. Bald. Cambridge University Press. 15s.

Robert Southwell (1561-95), Jesuit and poet, was one of the most moving figures in the Elizabethan religious scene: that period embittered by Spain and by the memory of Mary Tudor who, as Professor Trevelyan has said, had provided English Protestantism with a martyrology. *An Humble Supplication to*

Her Maiestie was Southwell's answer to the Proclamation of 1591 that set forth the new measures to be taken against Roman Catholics suspected of "seditions and treasons" and "vnderminings of our good Subiects vnder a false colour and face of holines". With serene courage and ardent avowal of his faith, he refutes "these three odious termes of *Fugitiues*, *Rebells*, and *Traytors*" and, in turn, each accusation and violent epithet, insisting: "For, excepting those points, which (if impartiall audience were allowed) we could prove to imple the endles misery and damnation of our soules, in all other Civill and temporall respects, we are as submitted and pliable as any of your Maiesties best beloved subjects." And, after rehearsing the tortures endured by captured priests, and the persecution of "multitudes of the vnabler sort of Catholiques", he pleads: "It were infinite to sett downe the Laborinth of our afflictions, in which what way soeuer we goe, it is but a loosing of our selues, and a winding vs further into an endles course of Calamities. . . . We haue bene long enough cutt of from all Comfort, and stinted to an endless taske of sorrowes, growing in griefs as we grow in yeares, one misery ouertaking another, as if euery one were but an earnest for a harder payment. We had some small hope, that our continued patience, and quiet effusion of our bloud at your Maiesties feete, would haue kindled some sparkle of remorse towards vs; But still we see that we are not yet sunke to the depth of our misfortunes."

Mr. Bald, who has finely edited this rare octavo, gives an accounts of its curious history. In 1600, five years after Southwell had been hanged at Tyburn, it was published (till then only manuscript copies were circulated) as a weapon in the archpriest controversy, and to embarrass the Jesuits; for "Southwell's own feelings no less than his experience in the mission, had taught him the vital necessity, if English Catholicism was to survive, of reconciling loyalty to Church and State. There is no question how far removed his position was not only from that of Allen and Persons but, one is forced to believe, from that of his fellow-Jesuits in England." When the Pope, to end the quarrel between the Jesuits and the secular priests, forbade the publication of any book that might continue it, "the *Supplication* faded into obscurity."

So noble was Southwell's conception of his religion, so firm his acceptance of martyrdom, that the miserable employment of his *Supplication* gives added poignancy to that line in his poem that so ravished Ben Jonson: "The metal in this furnace wrought are men's defiled souls."

L. H.

WILLIAM GODWIN AND HIS WORLD. By Rosalie Glynn Grylls. Odhams Press. 21s.

Miss Grylls has written an outstanding study of Godwin, his circle and background.

"His intelligence and his emotions were not co-ordinated by any shaping spirit into a whole man. He saw himself in several parts—he had that much fancy, not imagination—but they did not add up into one, and conscientious consistency was not enough to make them. . . . Whether it sprang from insolent vanity or from a noble optimism, Godwin's self-confidence imposed a certain pattern upon his life, for this repeated itself over and over again

round about him even when at the centre he had become only a relic of himself. The man grew into the philosopher, rigid and aloof, of his own system."

She traces the effect of adverse circumstances on his unintegrated personality but stresses "his fidelity to his own first principle of trust in man's potentialities." What little charm he had she reveals, though it is doubtful whether any save those intent on rehabilitating Godwin will be convinced by her attempt to discover some dignified explanation of his incessant and ungracious demands on the poet whom he regarded as his daughter's seducer. His treatment of Shelley and his attitude to poor Fanny's death were so insensitive, so odious, that no concern for his family's comfort excuse them; and they make rather less impressive his highmindedness in other respects.

Miss Grylls' chapters on the English Jacobins and on the Treason Trials are admirable; but her extensive research rather oddly damages the structure of her book. So many people wander briefly in and out of these pages that however persuaded one may be of the vivacity and spaciousness of Godwin's world, it is not always easy to account for their presence; and her use of personal pronouns is so confusing that sometimes two or three readings of a paragraph are needed to avoid startling conclusions.

These faults, and some rather acid and not always relevant generalizations apart, *William Godwin and His World* is a valuable book, and the portrait of Mary Wollstonecraft a memorable piece of work.

L. H.

A HOPKINS READER. Selected and with an Introduction by John Pick. Geoffrey Cumberlege: Oxford University Press. 21s.

Gerard Manley Hopkins was at all times patient, and eager, to explain his technical innovations; but that his poetry, "the strong spur, live and lancing like the blowpipe flame", seemed obscure to other poets bewildered and hurt him. In 1888 he wrote to Bridges from Dublin: "I laughed outright and often, but very sardonically, to think you and the Canon could not construe my last sonnet (*Tom's Garland*); that he had to write to you for a crib. It is plain I must go no farther on this road: if you and he cannot understand me who will?" The fact that the four volumes devoted to his correspondence and other papers, and published between 1935 and 1938, were quickly out of print marks the general recognition of him as a great poet; it shows too how diffident many were at the dark leap from word to word of some of his poems, how determined to find elucidation in his background and personality.

"The present *Hopkins Reader* is an attempt to select and reprint the most important material from these volumes as well as from the *Poems* and to present them in an easily accessible form. All the letters chosen are printed in their entirety; in all other cases the units presented are as complete as possible. . . . Hopkin's poetry stands as his greatest monument, and the real importance of his letters, notebooks, and papers—significant as they are in their own right—is that they illuminate his poetry and help towards a deeper understanding and appreciation of him as a poet."

Dr. Pick gives in this most welcome volume thirty-three poems; a selection of the letters to Robert Bridges, Coventry Patmore, Richard Dixon, and others, under the headings: Poetic Theory, Practical Criticism, The Other Arts, Personal Letters, and Religion; extracts from his early diaries and journal, and from his sermons.

The letters, like those of Keats and Van Gogh, marvellously portray the man and the artist. In reading them one thinks of Donne, for here too was a poet for whom the world was a burning bush, a holy if anguished ground. Hopkins contemplated the landscape before him till it had silently stripped its veils and stretched within him; he was caught up into the secret life of what he beheld; the swoop of a bird, the surging sea, the pattern of trees, the pace and swiftness of animals, traced his own flight. And from this ravished yet austere intimacy with the earth he knew that all things "are charged with love, are charged with God, and if we know how to touch them give off sparks and take fire, yield drops and flow, ring and tell of him."

In his admirable introduction Dr. Pick gives in sufficient detail the story of Hopkins's life to explain references in the letters and notebooks, discusses his prosody and his language with authority, and justly comments:

"It is futile to regret that he did not write poetry in greater quantity, and it is well to remember that his inward struggle intensified its quality and indeed gave to that poetry the very qualities which all critics recognize as its greatness."

L. H.

W. B. YEATS: LETTERS TO KATHARINE TYNAN. Edited by Roger McHugh. Dublin: Clonmore and Reynolds. London: Burns Oates. 18s.

In 1913 Yeats expressed to Lady Gregory his annoyance at reading in Katharine Tynan's *Twenty-five Years* extracts from his letters. Their thought he could recognize, but the personality disclosed seemed that of someone else. To Katharine Tynan he wrote with light displeasure, adding characteristically: "However, if you are going to publish any more letters of mine, please let me see them first. I may even, in defiance of all right conduct, improve them." Professor McHugh puts aside her attempted mosaic ("her snippets have little coherence and, divorced as they are, on the whole, from most of the workaday realities of his life, convey an incomplete and confused idea of him as he was then; an idea of a romantic and airy genius rather than a talented and hard-working young man with genius.") for an adequate and balanced picture of Yeats's youth in London. He has edited, with a lively sense of the general reader's needs, all the letters sold by Miss Tynan, after her marriage, to an American dealer, and now in the possession of the Huntington Library in California; and has added some minor discoveries: "Yeats's articles on Todhunter and on Katharine Tynan, his amusing letter to the editor of *The Gael*, and a more accurate account of his work at Oxford and of his movements in 1887 and 1891."

Here is a wholly engaging portrait of him: spirited, of many moods, absent-minded, working to the point of collapse, dedicated to poetry and ardently supporting those who shared his concern for the Irish literary movement. He gossiped delightfully about his impecunious and gifted family, their cat, the

garden where he planted "a great many sunflowers, to the indignation of Lilly and Jack, who have no love for that modest and retiring plant"; and about his friends:

"Morris is greatly disturbed by little boys who insist on playing under his study windows. He rushes out every now and then and drives them off. There is a parrot in the house that keeps up a great noise whistling and sneezing and holding conversations with itself. He is used to the parrot and does not mind it."

He parried questions about Maud Gonne ("I sympathise with her love of the national idea rather than any secondary land movement, but care not much for the kind of Red Indian feathers in which she has trapped out that idea."), and described the Blavatsky circle and literary meetings. Despite the constant problem about money, he wrote:

"Ambitious, no—I am as easily pleased as a mouse in the wainscot, and am only anxious to get along without being false to my literary notions of what is good";

and, more soberly,

"When I cannot write my own thoughts—wishing never to write other people's for money—I want to get mechanical work to do. Otherwise one goes down into the whirlpool of insincerity from which no man returns."

Professor McHugh suggests in his admirable introduction that the respective literary careers of Yeats and Katharine Tynan "show most clearly the difference between the quality and the singleness of purpose of a major poet and the occasional felicity of a minor one"; and in this book the chrysalis is seen to be almost transparent. Yeats might weary of hack work and morbidly hate the London scene, but even in 1888 he could say:

"I have noticed some things about my poetry I did not know before, in this process of correction; for instance, that it is almost all a flight into fairyland from the real world, and a summons to that flight. The Chorus to the 'Stolen Child' sums it up—that it is not the poetry of insight and knowledge, but of longing and complaint—the cry of the heart against necessity. I hope some day to alter that and to write poetry of insight and knowledge."

and, a few months later:

"Yet this I know, I am no idle poetaster. My life has been in my poems. To make them I have broken my life in a mortar, as it were. I have brayed in it youth and fellowship, peace and worldly hopes. I have seen others enjoying, while I stood alone with myself—commenting, commenting—a mere dead mirror on which things reflect themselves. I have buried my youth and raised over it a cairn—of clouds. Some day I shall be articulate, perhaps."

Professor McHugh's perceptive care makes it possible for the reader to trace the growth of Yeats's genius and critical powers. There is great charm in these eager, affectionate letters from the young poet to a woman, in his eyes a second Christina Rossetti, who could understand his struggles and his rewards; and in them his voice, at first diffident, fervent, becomes certain, tempered and imperative.

L. H.

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THE ENGLISH PHILOSOPHERS. By Leslie Paul. Faber and Faber. 25s.

Mr. Leslie Paul's book is based on a series of lectures entitled "Anthology of English Philosophy", given through the European Service of the B.B.C. in the winter of 1950-1; and in indicating the main threads of English philosophical development, he speaks of *English* philosophers as one does of *English* literature. His purpose, brilliantly carried out, has been to present fairly the writings rather than any exegesis, and "to bring out the living thought of each century."

From Pelagius whose doctrine about man was to reappear 'in secular dress' in Rousseau and Bertrand Russell, Erigena whose thought descended to Hegel, the spectacular Roger Bacon, Scotus stressing the particular rather than the universal, and Occam's analyses that "seem to echo the spirit of agnosticism of our age", Mr. Paul turns to a new 'intellectually avid' and increasingly secular world. "Francis Bacon spoke for them all when he said, with classic audacity, 'I have taken all knowledge to be my province'." Bacon's inductive method—now come into its own—and his revolutionary attitude, Hobbes's natural-history approach, the contribution of Newton and the influence on him and on the period of the Cambridge Platonists, are examined in turn. After Locke, one of "the fathers of the libertarian constitution of the United States", Berkeley whose idealism was begotten from Locke's empiricism, and Hume with his extreme scepticism, came the philosophy of commonsense, the Utilitarians, and the philosophers of evolution. Here there is an illuminating study of the nineteenth century's 'dazzling if meretricious vision' of human progress; the efforts that have been made "to reconcile the doctrines of Darwin and Spencer with the older value-systems of Christian theology, Renaissance humanism, and classical philosophy"; and the influence of Kant on the second half of the century.

Mr. Paul apologises for the inevitable omissions where contemporary philosophy is concerned; but he gives, in fact, a masterly account of the new idealism expounded after T. H. Green by such men as Bradley and Bosanquet; the rise of pragmatism and realism; the space-time philosophers. The thought of G. E. Moore and Wittgenstein, of Jeans, Eddington and A. N. Whitehead, so far as the scope of the book allows, is explained with notable lucidity. There are appreciative pages on William Temple, "the most remarkable philosopher-divine whom the Church of England has produced for many centuries"; and the final chapter, 'A Retreat from Philosophy?', considers the position of Bertrand Russell, 'the modern Hume'; logical positivism; the effort of Professor Wisdom to rediscover the 'sublimar tasks' of philosophy; and R. G. Collingwood's plea for the historical approach.

That the story of English philosophy is an unfinished one, that the proper subject for future study is "man in history, rather than man in relation to nature", is Mr. Paul's own belief. His book, a considerable achievement, with its firm pattern, examination of the influence of Aquinas, Descartes, Kant, Bergson, Santayana and Einstein, its impressive analyses and ample quotations, is an invaluable, impartial and most stimulating introduction to the subject.

L. H.

WALTER DE LA MARE. By Kenneth Hopkins. Bibliographical Series of Supplements to 'British Book News'. Published for The British Council and the National Book League by Longmans, Green. 2s.

Mr. Hopkins's essay has been written as a tribute in honour of Mr. de la Mare's eightieth birthday. As one of the Bibliographical Series of Supplements to *British Book News* it assumes readers in need of a brief survey that takes account of recent critical studies. There is, therefore, a biographical sketch, a study of both verse and prose works, and a select bibliography. Mr. Hopkins is a perceptive guide: he gives illustrations from the many passages that have "the visual quality of a Vermeer painting": suggests that in the ghost stories, "his ghosts come not to kill, but to trouble"; notes the rare critical gift, the oblique approach to love, the prose that, sometimes "fanciful, elaborate, or even mannered" can be "as direct and simple as that of Dryden"; and sums up: "Walter de la Mare is the supreme English lyric poet of our time and one of the great masters of the short lyric in English, as truly a master as were Campion, Herrick, Herbert, Landor, and Bridges before him; a master, moreover, in the same tradition that was theirs, of saying the perfect thing in perfect form and language."

ASPECTS OF LANGUAGE. By William J. Entwistle. Faber and Faber. 50s.

The late Professor Entwistle's book on general theoretical problems of linguistics is very impressive. Those of us who lack philological training may find its enormous erudition overwhelming, but the main themes are developed with a liveliness and clarity that will delight every reader sensitive to his own and other languages. In the first chapter it is pointed out that "there is verbalism in all knowledge and no knowledge without words—the words, so far as we are concerned, of our own particular language. All true thinkers struggle to escape from the bondage of words, but a total evasion is impossible for men. Language is an art, and the arts are best defined as languages." It is stressed that the linguist's attitude to language is different equally from that of Everyman ("Exact analysis has no charms for him, and the artists in words, like Plato, prefer to make a mystery of their arts lest their depths be plumbed") and from that of the philosopher whose concern with semantics, though relevant, has another purpose.

The book's explorations have as their starting point the conception of language as dialogue.

"The universe of speech is egocentric. At the centre is the speaker (*ego*) and the listener is slightly off-centre (*tu*). The listener becomes a speaker in his turn and the axis of the universe shifts slightly, but these are the two persons of speech, and all others are objects to be pointed out. *Ego* spreads symbols in front of *tu*, but *tu* is the arbiter of intelligibility. If *ego* makes unintelligible noises or speaks Greek to the Eskimo *tu*, there is no communication and therefore no language. If *ego's* symbols are unsatisfactory or unsatisfactorily arranged, *tu* demands a new set or a better arrangement. Since speech is a function of action, *tu's* acts determine the sense of *ego's* symbols to the extent that *ego* must either acquiesce or come to a new understanding."

As a remarkable study of primitive and civilized languages, illuminating the history of man's development, and as the final and comprehensive labours of a great philologist, *Aspects of Language* is a monumental work.

L. H.

TITUS ANDRONICUS. The Arden Shakespeare. Edited by J. C. Maxwell. Methuen. 18s.

The text of this edition of *Titus Andronicus* is based, not on the earlier Arden edition, but on the First Quarto of 1594. "The commentary is designed to meet the requirements of relatively elementary as well as of more advanced students. Hence there are glosses on classical allusions and common Elizabethan usages which the latter will not need, while some of the more elaborate notes may presuppose more knowledge than the former possess."

Mr. J. C. Maxwell, in his valuable introduction, describes early editions of the play, examines the evidence for its date, authorship and source, and then considers its relation to the later tragedies and the influence of classical models. Conflicting theories about dating and the criticism of its structure still make difficult any exact determination of its place in Shakespeare's development; though he suggests: "The evidence, it can be seen, forms a tangled web, and I have not tried to conceal what is fragmentary and conflicting about the external evidence for the date and early stage-history of the play. But there does not seem to be anything that flatly contradicts a date of about 1589-90." Mr. Maxwell's own conviction is that the structure of the play is Shakesperian, though there are indications that Peele was responsible for Act I; and, while conceding the justice of much criticism, he concludes:

"even if the things in *Titus* which look forward to the later tragedies derive most of their interest from what becomes of them in those tragedies, they have some impressiveness in their inchoate state . . . the author of *Titus* was obviously going *somewhere*: though it was not yet certain whether he would steer clear of violent episodic melodrama on the one hand and exaggeratedly Ovidian narrative in dialogue on the other."

The interest of *Titus Andronicus* for the ordinary reader lies in the gusto with which it traces the contours of violence, in the singularly-coloured fragments: this malignity or feigned madness, that shape 'shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome'; the witness of a morn 'bright and grey' and chanting birds to despoilation; the gestures and moments, grotesque shadows whose miming is yet to the later tragedies what the Dumb Show is to *Hamlet*. But for these, the play would seem as grossly mutilated as Lavinia, for it is without pity.

SHAW AND SOCIETY. An Anthology and A Symposium. Edited by C. E. M. Joad. Odhams. 16s.

Such disproportionate attention has been given to his last years that this book commemorating the "essential Bernard Shaw—the Shaw of the turn of the century", deserves to be widely read.

The late Professor Joad selected during the last months of his life those extracts from Shaw's Fabian Tracts and speeches, and letters to the Fabian Society, and from his plays, prefaces and other writings, that best reveal the

socialist interested in changing human society. He also wrote an introduction describing the impact on his generation of "the great liberator."

"Born, as we were, into the fag-end of the Victorian era, the process of growing up was, for my generation, like walking down a gallery of lay figures, the figures of the Victorian conventions . . . indeed, they dominated us, restricting our behaviour and inhibiting our thoughts so thoroughly that it was almost impossible to do anything you wanted to do or think anything you wanted to think without infringing them. Shaw passed through the ribs of these creatures the rapiers of his satire and his wit, and, behold, there trickled out some sawdust and a little bran and they bothered us no more."

Balancing Mr. Kingsley Martin's portrait and amusing anecdotes of encounters between Shaw and Wells—the one wary and ruffled, the other all genial but unerring derision—and Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe's pleasant recollections of the young socialist, "an arresting compound of rawness, cheek and maturity", there is a cooler assessment by Mr. Leonard Woolf of Shaw's effect upon British socialism. The concluding section consists of three Fabian Memorial lectures: Professor Joad's study of Shaw's philosophy, which rather oddly suggests—though this, obviously, was not the intention—the paradox of naïvety panoplied with wit; Mr. Hugh Dalton's consideration of him as economist and politician; and Mr. B. W. Levy's excellent survey of the plays: "Shaw had no intention of allowing the theatre to remain an amusement booth for simpletons. He resolved to restore it to its older status of a temple; that is to say, a place where the spirit of man may be seen to stir."

E. R. Vincent: *UGO FOSCOLO. AN ITALIAN IN REGENCY ENGLAND*. Cambridge University Press, 1953. pp. viii + 255. 25s.

When Ugo Foscolo arrived in England in 1816 he was welcomed by some of the nation's most distinguished families. Eleven years later, after consistently adopting modes of life beyond his means, spending money that did not rightly belong to him and living under assumed names in order to avoid creditors, he died in lamentable distress. For a poet whose compositions bear witness to his ideal of a classical perfection of harmonious form, he was remarkably extravagant and disorderly in his life and curiously fond of self-display. The barest account of his encounters with English personalities would make interesting reading. But here we have something quite different from a bare account. Professor Vincent has long been known to Italian scholars for his great success in discovering unpublished letters and other documents relating to Foscolo. In this book he shows, by his analysis of character and by the fascinating portrait he draws of Regency Society, that he has also some of the gifts of a good novelist—enough, indeed, to make this a most entertaining volume for the general reader.

To the student of Italian literature it will appeal because of the new light it casts on so many aspects of Foscolo's career and character. Professor Vincent has much to tell us of the poet's negotiations with English publishers and of the composition of the works he wrote for them (though not quite enough, perhaps, of the works themselves), of his relations with English women and of his failure in proposing marriage, and of his political activity on behalf of his native islands (it was as an Ionian by birth that Foscolo obtained a British passport). But the

most interesting chapters are, I believe, not these, but two others: that on the reasons for the welcome accorded to Foscolo on his arrival in London and that on his attitude to Italy and to Italian politics during his self-imposed exile.

Of his unexpectedly enthusiastic reception in England Foscolo himself wrote: "Here for the first time in my life I have learnt that my name is not entirely unknown among mortals and I find myself accepted as though I were a man who had enjoyed unsullied fame for a century." Italian biographers have been too ready to assume that it was his fame as a poet that won him this welcome. But it is difficult to believe that the works of the thirty-seven-year-old Italian writer were widely diffused in England before his arrival, and Professor Vincent offers a more convincing explanation. It was among the Whigs that Foscolo found most sympathy, and particularly among those who showed such devotion to the memory of Charles James Fox at Holland House; there he was regarded as another apostle of liberty who had something of his own to contribute to the arcana of the cult. And this position he owed less to his exile from Austrian rule in Italy than to his attitude towards Napoleon: "The Whigs had never quite known whether to hate and fear Napoleon as a tyrant, or admire him as the man who had swept away many out-moded institutions in his triumphant career. They were well placed therefore to understand Foscolo's poem, *A Napoleone Liberatore*, and still more his preface, written later, to admonish the victor. In the words of Foscolo *Liber'uomo* they could recognise the accents of Fox, *Man of the People*."

The most important section of Professor Vincent's book is possibly that in which he collects and analyses Foscolo's statements on Italy and Italians. It is impossible to summarize it here, but its opening paragraph will give some idea both of its content and of its importance:

"It is perhaps unfortunate that Foscolo's works were first systematically studied and published at a time when Italy's *Risorgimento* was in full flood, that is to say, in the early fifties of the last century. It was inevitable that the excellent men who then undertook this difficult task should do so in a spirit of patriotic piety. For them Foscolo was the patriot-poet, a hero, whose cloak must not be allowed to draggle in the mud. With the best intentions, and the most unfortunate results for the truth, they doctored the texts where they thought it necessary to preserve their author's reputation. . . . But Foscolo belonged to an earlier age; he was not a man of the *Risorgimento*; and the attempt to see him as such only created those very anomalies the Florentine editors so much wished to avoid."

In fact, Foscolo looked upon the revolutions of Naples and Turin as "tragi-comedies" and despaired of the ability of his compatriots to win, or to live in, a free society. Indeed, he denounced them as "suspiciously restless, their ears greedy for scandal, back-biters, their only weapons their pens dipped in malice", and was convinced that their factious nature would always prevent their liberation: "The worst passions of the human animal blazed in your cities, blocked every path to mutual trust, to unity, to liberty and deny you all hope." It is hardly surprising that Count Federico Confalonieri, the well-known Italian patriot, complained to Gino Capponi in 1819 that Foscolo "is playing a part in London that I cannot approve and is doing harm to Italy."

For the new information that he has gathered on these important subjects the reader will be grateful to Dr. Vincent. But he may well doubt his belief that Foscolo is a poet likely to have scant appeal for the English-speaking poetry-lover, who is used to very different fare. A complete study of Foscolo's works, written for such a reader, might well serve as a valuable introduction. Is it too much to hope that Professor Vincent, who has made a notable contribution to the poet's biography and who once published a study of his *Sepolcri*, will undertake this useful task?

T. GWYNFOR GRIFFITH.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEWS OF ROMANTIC POETRY. Edited by John Wain. Harrap. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Wain's Anthology is a collection of 28 extracts from the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Quarterly Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine* between 1808 and 1832, criticising the work of the six great Romantic Poets, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats and Tennyson. An introductory essay discusses the evolution and value of periodical criticism and gives a brief account of the origins of the three great critical journals. The reviews of the poets' work are considered in separate sections each prefaced with a brief summary and there are additional notes and a bibliography. In his preface Mr. Wain describes his intention as "to provide supplementary reading in the period 1800-30, for the student who is familiar with the best known poets and critics of the time, but not with the body of anonymous criticism that accompanied their work" but his anthology should appeal to a wider public than the student grappling with English Literature or Literary History.

The value of the book is two-fold; it collects widely scattered material and by so doing gives us the chance to judge the fairness of the traditional picture of the early nineteenth century reviewers as dyed-in-the-wool classicists hostile to all literary change and incapable of realising the genius of those poets on whom they presumed to sit in judgment. Had the *Edinburgh Review* nothing more constructive to say than Jeffrey's "This will never do?" Was the *Quarterly Review* capable of nothing better than Croker's infamous mockery of *Endymion*? and could the *Blackwood's* reviewers aspire no higher than the sacrilegious scurrilities of the "Chaldee MS?"

A glance at Mr. Wain's volume is sufficient to convince us that we must revise this estimate in the face of the evidence. In the *Edinburgh*, Jeffrey might claim that Wordsworth's "White Doe of Rylstone" has the merit of being the very worst poem we ever saw imprinted in a quarto volume, but within three years Wilson, in *Blackwood's*, was declaring that the same poem "is a tale written with singularly beautiful simplicity of language, and with a power and pathos that have not been often excelled in English Poetry." Coleridge, villainously attacked by *Blackwood's* in 1817, had to wait only two years to see the same magazine enthusiastic with its praise of his "Ancient Mariner." "Above all the poems with which we are acquainted in any language . . . it is a poem to be felt . . . cherished . . . mused upon. . . ." Keats, whose *Endymion* was damned by the *Quarterly* in 1818, was hailed by the *Edinburgh*, not two years later as "deeply imbued with the true genius of English Poetry." Shelley, denounced

in the Quarterly as one who "in sober earnest—with perfect deliberation and the steadfast perseverance perverts all the gifts of his nature, and does all the injury both public and private which his faculties enable him to perpetuate" is still credited with the ability to write beautiful verses, while Blackwood's insists that "It is not in the power of all the critics alive to blind one true lover of poetry to the splendour of Mr. Shelley's genius."

Mr. Wain does not leave it at disproving that all the periodicals were always hostile to all the poets. In his introductory essay, he suggests that these periodicals actually called into being the critical review as we know it to-day, thereby evolving a medium in which the genius of Southey, Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincey—to name but four examples—would find its fullest scope. He further believes that apart from the opportunities thus afforded to reviewers of genius, the periodicals played a great part in shaping public taste and creating a climate in which the production of a vigorous and homogeneous literature became possible.

On one aspect of his subject, however, Mr. Wain is strangely and regrettably silent. In these early articles there is a violence, and often enough a degree of personal abuse, which comes as a distinct shock to the gentler reader of to-day. Mr. Wain gives us no guidance as to how this violence appeared to its contemporary public, how far it was regarded as a convention or how far the individual poet was affected by it. In the 'cause celebre'—the affect of violent criticism on Keats—Mr. Wain is equivocal. First of all he quotes Byron's jibe that the Quarterly article killed Keats, commenting that "the legend died sufficiently hard." "Nevertheless," he adds, "it is true that Keats took at least two very hard knocks from contemporary critics. In some ways the least self-sufficient of the Romantics, he was wide open to the blows of such knock down critics as Croker and the Merry Ruffians of Blackwood's". Mr. Wain then somewhat bewilderingly concludes the section. "His (Keats's) own comment, as one might expect of so fine a character, is firm, self-contained and true" and he quotes Keats's famous letter to Hessey, of October 9th, 1818. If Keats was indeed "the least self-sufficient of the Romantics" how can we expect "from so fine a character" an answer "firm, self-contained and true" especially if he was wide open to the blows of knock down critics. Mr. Wain cannot have it both ways.

But if he does not make up his mind about Keats, he leaves us no doubt of his opinion concerning The Quarterly. Describing the Reviewers as a "costive tribe", he makes no effort to explain why, in some honest and intelligent circles, as Tennyson reports, The Quarterly enjoyed a reputation second only to the Bible, or why the Monthly Magazine, after deploring some of the Quarterly's "damnings", could still confess "that several articles in recent numbers of the Review have displayed very profound knowledge of the subjects treated and a deep and gentle spirit of criticism". We suspect, and those sections of the Introduction dealing with the social and political conditions in England bear us out, that Mr. Wain's political sympathies are to blame. Hazlitt could say of the two political parties that they were like two stage coaches which splashed each other with their mud while going to the one place, but for Mr. Wain no good thing could come from the Tory camp. He cannot believe that the fear of revolution was a real thing and accordingly much of the moral indignation of the Tory critics means nothing to him. None the less, these moral factors form a very real element in literary criticism of the time.

The Notes are disappointing, adding little and suggesting less. The bibliography is useful and sound, though Mr. Wain omits the histories of the publishing houses of Blackwood and Constable, and does not mention Miss E. Swann's book on John Wilson. In the text there is a reference to Professor N. I. White's "Unextinguished Hearth"—indispensable to anyone interested in the periodical criticism of Shelley—but we are given no details of this in the bibliography.

A book about the evolution of the literary periodicals and the part played by them in the Romantic Revolution has long been overdue. Mr. Wain does not suggest that this is such a book, but within his self-imposed limits he has produced an attractive anthology and has given us a stimulating introduction to this much-neglected aspect of modern literature.

F. A. R.

AT THE END OF A ROAD. By Claude Houghton. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

After some years of residence in England, Nathaniel Hawthorne said: "An Englishman of genius usually lacks the national characteristics, and is great abnormally. Even the great sailor, Nelson, was unlike his countrymen. . . ." Claude Houghton's work seems to give colour to this suggestion for it is informed by a spirit and atmosphere not only unusual but unique. One thinks of the Russians, but Houghton has no puritannical sense of sin, only the artist's feeling for values. There is French clarity and shapeliness; but also a certain *weighing* of human existence, in scales poised between life and eternity, carrying graver implications than are usually discovered in French fiction. The result is very English in its traditions, yet, in some queer personal fashion, avoids the more common national characteristics: and perhaps this is why Houghton's work arouses the enthusiasm of critics as different in race and background as John Cowper Powys and Henry Miller.

The theme of *At The End of a Road* is the most important an author can deal with at this moment of history; for, put baldly, it is concerned with the real meaning of Power. Basil Ashe, once a sensitive idealist, has done violence to his true nature by 'getting tough', in order to survive in a world of organised crime. That is, he himself turns criminal, and the end of that road is for him insanity. Basil Ashe is by no means alone in such maladjustment, but the frenzied lust of false power is subtly contrasted with the realities of human values. A fine portrait is Sara, Basil's wife, a woman of intuitively sound perceptions, who, refusing to be bullied by money, walks with serene confidence amid ship-wrecked fortunes and unswervingly adheres to her tranquil powers of the spirit. Sara possesses herself; but what this charming woman accomplishes by cultivated instincts aided by a favourable background, other more naïve characters—such as George, the chauffeur—achieve by sheer simplicity and human decency.

One repeats that the implications of this finely devised story are of paramount importance in our epoch, for if we cannot apprehend the true values of Power, if we cannot control and direct such forces, our life can be nothing but a shabby and ignoble dog-fight with destruction as its determined end.

In a sense this book is the artist's comment on Acton's "All power corrupts. . . ." It certainly does, in the light of that miserable and humiliating

record we call history : but it does no such thing in the arts : it does no such thing where men have no wish to withhold or destroy wealth, but only a desire to discover a natural joy and harmony.

Basil Ashe and his associates are of a type becoming disturbingly common in modern industry. They have no civic virtue, and are convinced 'the individual can do nothing'. Making no effort to refute fraudulent prices and taxation, they resort to tricks of evasion and swindling, and finally end in crimes of violence. Their world of 'success' is as unreal as a mirage. They become grotesquely *functional*, serving a machine which they call 'money', becoming gradually more dehumanised, until insanity in one form or another, dominates them. They have no home, and no roots. They will not, and dare not, be alone. Even their sexual desire is dependent wholly on fantasy. Says Houghton: *It was efficient and, like everything efficient, it had an inhuman air.*

More and more artists, like Claude Houghton, become preoccupied with crime, as greed and fear grip society and the lust to dominate over the lives of others appears openly as the true meaning of industrialism. With such a conception of human existence the artist has never been able to come to terms. He knows that the making of money destroys wealth. He knows that when men serve mere techniques and machinery they lose their common humanity.

The difference between administrations engaged in an 'export drive', or 'selling protection' and the common 'crook' is fast disappearing. With the enthronement of the mediocre in spirit and the irresponsible in mind the artist must soon come to be regarded as the only real criminal existing. The sole alternative is for society to admit its criminality.

Meanwhile our Claude Houghtons fight. Not as moralists with exhortations and homilies, not as scientists with dubious analysis and 'proof', but with the gentle persuasiveness of art and such direct, simple statements as that power-lust *does not work*.

If Man cannot make his living an art he must perish as the beast perishes, without a flower or even a stone to mark his passage.

M. C.

TO DEFINE TRUE MADNESS. By Henry Yellowlees, O.B.E., M.D., F.R.C.P., D.P.M., Consulting Physician to St. Thomas's Hospital, London. London: Sidgwick and Jackson, Limited. Price 12s. 6d. net.

Psychiatry is a basic science and must be respected; it is a study of enormous importance and fascinating interest. The author gives the impression of being in a real rage in the opening chapters and well he might for he knows the significance of the subject with its technical and scientific background and therefore he feels acutely when jokes are made about it and even when a magistrate is willing to open a debate in support of a motion that "psychiatry is all rubbish". It is an old story; there are qualified doctors and unqualified quacks practising psychiatry and the presence of the latter gives it a bad name with the ignorant public but we know how to value such a man as Doctor Yellowlees who is an earnest worker in the best Hippocratic tradition. Who will laugh at a blind man or a sick child and yet this all important subject under review is the butt of the music hall comedian?

The difference between Neuroses and Psychoses is stressed; the former is a functional nervous disorder and the patient seeks treatment. The latter is an insanity and the patient does not know he is ill. Corporal punishment is condemned; the need for it is a condemnation of the parents' previous policy. It is only a true specialist who knows and understands the difficulties of his speciality and a comment is wisely made on the knowledge necessary to diagnose what really is insanity; the public is acutely ignorant about this and the knowledge is especially necessary when dealing with those who have suicidal tendencies; they must be watched all the time for they will exert every ruse to evade their nurses. Insane people sometimes make the most sane remarks; when one patient was told by the visiting clergyman that "God is our Father", he said "If God is like my father, then Religion may go to hell". "Inferiority Complex" is a complaint which can and must be cured for this person avoids full contact with life by all sorts of dodges and devices; it can be occupational, social, or sexual. He can be made a useful member of society and the same remark applies to those suffering from anxiety neuroses. "Suggestion" and "Hypnotism" are dealt with most succinctly in two instructive chapters. After Mesmer had ventilated the latter subject Doctor Braid of Manchester in 1841 was refused by the British Association to give demonstrations and later Doctor Elliotson was ruined and lost his hospital appointment for making Hypnotism the subject of his Harveian Oration in 1846. It was not until 1890 that the Psychiatric Section of the British Medical Association whitewashed the subject and it is now well known that cures of many diseases can be achieved when the patient is put in the hypnotic state. Yellowlees states that "stage performances on hypnotism degrade one of the most powerful remedial agencies we know". To-day when the public is especially interested in the question of hanging for murder, the erudite chapters on "Guilty but Insane" will appeal; only one of the many conclusions will be quoted, "That mental defectives do not and can not recover".

This work should appeal to everyone; it is written by a humane specialist. His understanding is illustrated by his remarks "From earliest childhood I was brought up to regard the insane as sick people to whom we must always be polite, friendly, and sympathetic and of whom we must never be afraid". The sequence of events in treatment may be divided into three stages, humane care, non-restraint and hospitalisation; above all it must be remembered that insane patients are sick people, a large majority of whom can be cured.

The volume under review is a reprinting; may it proceed to many editions and may it be translated into the languages of the world.

B. S.

SEVEN POEMS O MAISTER FRANCIS VILLON. Made owre intil scots bi Tom Scott.
Tunbridge Wells: The Pound Press. 8s. 6d.

The poets who to-day use the Scots tongue are sometimes so fiercely contemptuous of mere English that any glossary they provide is a gesture from the rich man's table. It may be useful to thrust this magnificent language into the political arena; but it is a happier thing to allow, as Mr. Tom Scott does here, the wretched Sassenach peacefully to discover its singular beauty.

If not all the singing birds from France to Babylon would have tempted Villon to leave the streets of Paris, it is at least possible that in contemporary Edinburgh, with its ribaldry and learning, piety and exuberant humanity, he would have been as eloquent and as hungry in body and in spirit, his days as reckless and salted with the same laments. The felicities of Mr. Scott's translations are a revelation. The vivid, steely, pitiful, coarse words, as used here, seem embedded in the fifteenth century, and yet living.

One hesitates to drag any of the verses from their context, but these lines from the translations of *La Ballade des Pendus* and *Ballade des Dames du Temps Jadis* suggest what has been achieved:

"For back an furth, whiles braid-on, whiles askew,
Wi ilka wind that blaws, we twust an slue;
Mair pocked than straeberries, and juist as raw."

"Prince, this week I cannae weill,
Nor this year, say whaur noo they shine;
Ask—ye'll but hear the owrecome swell:
Aye, whaur are the snaws langsyne?"

The tone is harsher than the original, of course, but its northern chill and cadence give us such haunting lines as:

"Grant his saul eternal rest
In yon clear, undeein licht,"

and

"Offerin his bricht youth tae daith an pain."

QUESTIONS OF EAST AND WEST. Studies in Current History. By G. F. Hudson. Odhams. 15s.

Questions of East and West consists of a series of essays on European and Asian events written for various journals since 1945. Widely as the essays range, "they are linked together by the fact that they all deal with direct or indirect effects of the Russian Revolution, and they reflect a single point of view on recent and contemporary history." Mr. Hudson is an authority on international affairs, and the material to which he has had access, his analysis and judgment of policies, make this a brilliant if very disturbing book. He does not allow the reader to be comfortably censorious or naïve about that most perplexing and painful of subjects, power politics: if he discloses the folly of much that has happened, he also directs attention to the magnitude of our problems.

The complex and often fumbling pattern is traced from the time (1944) when Britain and America faced—but very differently—a situation similar to that which confronted Castlereagh in 1814.

"It was for Stalin to make threats and create *faits accomplis* against the interests of his partners by force and fraud; it was for Western diplomats

merely to humour him by concessions of the sovereign rights of weaker Allied nations. Britain and America did not suffer a diplomatic defeat at Yalta over the Polish question; they never tried to win. This time there was no Castlereagh."

The policy of appeasement, its origins, implications and consequences, are examined in detail, and illustrated by, for example, Allied complicity in aggression revealed at Nuremberg; the shameful silence over the Katyn Massacre; the British and American haste to demobilize even while Russia was consolidating her economic gains and intensifying political control of Eastern Europe.

In the chapters on the Soviet Union, Mr. Hudson judges Communist intentions strictly by objective facts: the Red Army Purge of 1937; the economic exploitation of forced labour; the confessions of prisoners obtained by "the new technology of falsification"; the now familiar design of party organization, infiltration, espionage and propaganda. McCarthy's stridency has encouraged forgetfulness about America's changing attitude to China; but the Haichow Plan and the 'Amerasia' affair, as presented here, illuminate some curious matters: General Stilwell's rôle in China, the reason for Mr. Joseph Grew's defeat, the manner in which America helped to achieve the aims of both the Chinese Communists and Russia.

Readers of the essays on Asian hate of the West, and on China as a great power will find it difficult to indulge any longer in pleasant illusions about communism worn with a difference; but here, and in the whole book, Mr. Hudson's concern is not only to exhibit Allied blunders and weakness or to prove that "the part of communism which has *not* changed is precisely the part which is most dangerous to the peace of the world and most destructive of human rights". He would have us leave emotion and wishful thinking aside and by facing the facts ("there is no reason why the clear recognition of the truth should be a source of weakness; it is better to know the strength of the enemy rather than to underestimate him"), rediscover our own strength and resourcefulness to deal with aggression. *Questions of East and West* deserves to be widely read and closely studied.

L. H.

THE ROSENBERG LETTERS. Dobson. 7s. 6d.

The reader of these letters will wish it were not too late to echo M. Sartre's appeal: "It is necessary to save the Rosenbergs because they have never stopped protesting their innocence and because the judges who condemned them have never proved that they were guilty." The ugly circumstances of their trial are now well-known; and the pathetic notes that passed in prison between husband and wife, or were written to their lawyer, will haunt the many who believe them guiltless or were horrified by the long-delayed execution and the fact that the Rosenbergs were singled out for ruthless treatment.

The letters record simply their devotion to each other and anguish at what their children had to endure, and also their faith that the ordinary people of

America would not tolerate injustice. They showed courage and gaiety, writing about books and music and their hopes for themselves and for humanity; and when suffering became unbearable they reminded each other of their innocence. At times the propaganda suggests that they addressed a wider audience; but they did not want to be martyrs. Their consistent attitude, as Julius said to his lawyer, was: "we are confident of the righteousness of our cause and we will not allow ourselves to be used as tools against the fight for peace, freedom, and decency."

Canon L. John Collins, Chancellor of St. Paul's Cathedral, who has written the foreword, does not share their political views, but he protests against the terrible consequences of "the maelstrom of fear, cruelty and hysteria arising out of the interplay of political tensions in our modern life"; and concludes: "It is my hope that these letters will play a significant part, not only in providing material aid for these two orphans, but also in helping mankind to learn the lesson once and for all that it is futile to try to combat evil with evil."

INTO HIDDEN BURMA. An Autobiography. By Maurice Collis. Faber and Faber. 18s.

Into Hidden Burma, though complete in itself, continues Mr. Collis's autobiography. Apart from holidays and literary encounters in Dublin, in London and Paris, this volume is concerned with his years as a deputy commissioner in Burma and with his gradual development as a writer. Towards the country his attitude was ambivalent: its people and their culture and the landscape fascinated him, and he studied their art, history and religious beliefs with deep appreciation; but his criticism of British colonial policy, boredom with the rigid, tasteless conventions of administrative life, and his increasing passion for writing, intensified a chill dissatisfaction, a sense of futility exacerbated by his visits to Europe. He travelled widely, made a valuable collection of Chinese ceramics, touched more than the periphery of psychic experience, and was held by the charm of the Burmese and the loveliness of their country. At length, in Mergui with its Conrad flavour, he reached "a limbo between (Burma) and the life I was destined soon to lead. . . . The story of Samuel White, one time Shahbander of the port, lay to my hand."

So began his search for traces of the seventeenth-century seafarer who was to be the subject of a notable book.

"As I toured among the islands month after month, I grew to understand White's character as a seaman. . . . I became familiar with the passages between them, the fierce rip of their tides, the whirlpools and where the whales came and the dolphins, and the coves where the turtles laid their eggs. Some were no more than beaches ringing a little wooded mount, as at the Gregory Isles, where solitude, beauty and silence were seen as powers too strong for fragile humanity and alarmed more than they exalted. On other islands were beaches of vast extent, as on the west side of Lampi, whose strand dissolved into a haze of sun and scud, sand soft as velvet, shells of all colours . . . breeze that blew eternally. The place had not

changed in a thousand years nor would alter ever; the music of its sounds partook of eternity."

It is this sensitive eye for manifest beauty and awareness of a more reticent splendour that makes *Into Hidden Burma* so entrancing to read.

THE EXPANDING EYE. A First Journey to the Mediterranean. By Peter Green. Dennis Dobson. 15s.

BEFORE AND AFTER PUCK. By Stowers Johnson. The Fortune Press. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Green explains that the theme of his travel book is a particular experience:

"It traces not only my progress through Italy and Sicily, but also the integral change in my own outlook on life that resulted from it: the awareness not only of the permanent immanence of the past in the present, but also of the unifying force and significance of a land itself lying behind those who live in it, and shaping them to its own pattern. It is a pilgrimage of the heart from insular naivety to a final surrender to what still remains for me the only true reality: the reality of the land, which determines all history and every creed."

He bore the extreme discomforts of third-class travel in unrelenting heat with the fortitude of one whose mind had been classically stocked at Cambridge. Allergic to the attitudes of the insatiable tourist, he was determined to discover, as time allowed, the characteristic flavour of cities and islands, of streets and people. In churches and galleries he had the same attentive passivity, an equal alertness to record what held his fastidious gaze.

Perhaps Mr. Green's response differs less than he hopes from that of other travellers, but his book is an agreeable record, with some fine photographs, of his impressions and discoveries.

Before and After Puck is the straightforward account of a visit, mainly by bicycle, from Cork to such places as Youghal, Rossbehy, Killarney and Tralee. Knowledgeable and with an industrious care for all the incidents of streets and fairs, and hotel conversations, Mr. Johnson has written the sort of detailed, unpretentious book, illustrated with thirty-two photographs, that will interest other modest travellers.

AN ASIATIC ROMANCE. By C. H. Sisson. Gaberbocchus. 10s. 6d.

As the publishers claim, this is "a picaresque tale full of excitement and a bitter comment on certain aspects of our encounter with Asia." It concerns the experiences of three Englishmen somewhere in Central Asia: a typical civil servant, Sir Bertram Sligh, his cynical assistant, Dacres, and a robustly contemptuous corporal, Curly. Plunged suddenly from his delightful work as head of the British delegation to the World Conference on Special Aptitudes into a very humiliating and eventually macabre situation, Sir Bertram remains gallantly faithful to his conception of life as a terrain for his exquisite gifts of

negotiation and compromise. Curly adapts himself with earthy gusto to things as he finds them: and Dacres' reactions to their Arabian Night adventure are those of the unhappy intellectual. *An Asiatic Romance* with its unusual plot and lively satire is a diverting book.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By A. Goodwin. Hutchinson's University Library. 8s. 6d.

It is still a temptation to see the French Revolution as a scene of violent *chiaroscuro*, its figures clamped into heroic, despairing or fanatical poses, and finally eroding the idealism of foreign spectators. Professor Goodwin is, however, concerned soberly to analyse its causes, immediate and remote: the responsibility of a peasantry in feudal chains, a middle class hungry for power, and the aristocracy, church and *parlements* whose lip-service to the king did not disguise their tenacious hold on privilege. He begins:

"The immediate causes of the French revolution of 1789 must be sought, not in the economic grievances of the peasants, nor in the political discontents of the middle class, but in the reactionary aspirations of the French aristocracy. . . . These privileged classes (the lay, ecclesiastical, and judicial aristocracy) expected that the adoption of the traditional method of voting in the States General—by order and not by head—would enable them, not only to prevent radical reform, but also to consolidate their victory over the Crown by a similar subjugation of the third estate. This gross miscalculation rendered inevitable a revolution which might well have been avoided by the nobility's acceptance of the consequences of political and fiscal equality."

and proceeds to examine the whole weight of oppression, economic and political manoeuvring, and disaffection, that not only destroyed the *ancien régime* but, soon beyond any moderating influence and finally out of control, swept on as "a merciless conflict between aristocracy and democracy."

Despite the necessary brevity of his book, Professor Goodwin has provided a balanced, impartial and notable study of the Revolution, stressing that "its essential contribution to the evolution of modern democracy was that it enunciated the principle and worked out the implications of popular sovereignty."

TRAGEDY IS NOT ENOUGH. By Karl Jaspers. Translated by Harald A. T. Reiche, Harry T. Moore and Karl W. Deutsch. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

The Italian critic, Professor Bobbio, in a recent examination of existentialism, wrote of Professor Jaspers:

"What is involved is the attitude of the man who retreats from the bounds of transcendency and from the bounds of the world, and retires within the bounds of his own existence, not in order to find within himself the world in his phenomenal being or God in the enlightenment of his consciousness, but in order to seek himself alone. He examines his existence with the object not of bringing to light all its richness, but of shouldering the burden of all its poverty. . . . The authentic existence of Heidegger, which fulfils its earthly task in freedom for death, and the single being of Jaspers who

stands on the dividing-line between the world and transcendency, in continual danger of being overwhelmed, are human patterns which aestheticism has exalted and squeezed dry, lauded and drained to the dregs, and now, in face of the tasks which the crisis indicates to us, are lifeless puppets."

Dr. Karl Deutsch, in his introduction to the present volume, gives to Professor Jaspers' crucial concepts ("the Encompassing; man's experience of limits and transcendence; and the will to communication") a very different interpretation. He stresses the circumstances—the nightmare of Nazi rule—that profoundly affected the latter's realization of tragedy and its perversions, and revealed to him the idea of "the hard way that continues beyond tragedy—the way of which perhaps the Bible speaks when it calls upon men to overcome their limits by being 'born again,' while yet remaining 'members of one another.'"

Tragedy is not Enough is one section of the untranslated work, *Von der Wahrheit*; and in it Professor Jaspers examines historical expressions of the tragic pattern, and suggests that it is "through these differences and contrasts that we apprehend the various degrees of tragic consciousness, the various possibilities of interpreting existence by means of the tragic, and the main springs of final deliverance in tragedy." He briefly surveys the heroic sagas, Greek tragedy, Shakespeare, Racine, Lessing, Kierkegaard, Dostoevsky and Nietzsche; and somewhat arbitrarily—though the idea is doubtless elsewhere expanded—argues: "What is religious in the specific Christian sense forever escapes poetry, for it can only be realized existentially (through and in living), and it cannot be contemplated as an aesthetic phenomenon. In this sense a Christian is bound to misunderstand, say, Shakespeare: Shakespeare succeeds in making everything the subject of his drama, for under every possible aspect he shows man as he really is. But the specifically religious—and only this—escapes him." In discussing the basic characteristics of the tragic, he defines it as less an awareness of suffering and death than a realization of 'an inexorable limit'; and urges that man's deliverance lies "in acting out his own personality, in realizing his selfhood even unto death".

Professor Jaspers regards tragic knowledge as a necessary experience, 'all imperfection', yet revealing the way of transcendence.

"Within time, truth is forever under way, always in motion and not final even in its most marvellous crystallizations. Never to retreat from this fundamental situation—that is the condition on which alone philosophic thought can remain truthful. . . . This is the vision of a great noble life: to endure ambiguity in the movement of truth and to make light shine through it; to stand fast in uncertainty; to prove capable of unlimited love and hope."

Certainly no task for 'lifeless puppets'; and yet the reader may feel that tragedy has, in reality, a keener edge, that its flash is less towards abstract heights than to laying bare the concrete situation. Professor Jaspers' deep consciousness of the tragic pattern is, however, impressive; and so too is his exalted prediction that beyond it lies man's greatest heroism.

L. H.

E

SCULPTURE: THEME AND VARIATIONS. Towards a Contemporary Aesthetic. By E. H. Ramsden. Lund Humphries. 36s.

The first part of *Sculpture: Theme and Variations* is a brilliant survey of "the sculptural achievement of the first half of the present century, considered both as an end in itself and in relation to the social and intellectual setting to which it belongs." It considers the categories of sculpture: the decorative, broadly comprising the work of craftsmen, the imitative, that of the schools, and the creative, that of the masters; and its relationship to architecture, formerly integral but now almost disrupted. Its development is traced from the Middle Ages to its new rôle

"as a vehicle first for the continuing romanticism of Rodin and of the later masters who remained true to the romantic tradition; secondly, for the experimentalism of the neo-primitives and others who have sought to infuse a fresh vitality into sculpture by every means at their disposal; and thirdly, for the formalism and kinetics of the sculptors of the abstract and Constructivist schools with which the first half of the twentieth century comes to an end."

This "continuous conflict between discipline and freedom, authority and the defiance of authority", important from a metaphysical and historical standpoint, does not, however, in any way alter what is fundamental to sculptural form: unity, balance, and coherence.

There follows an examination of the work of individual sculptors grouped, for Mr. Ramsden's purpose, as Modellers (Rodin, Kolbe, Maillol, Meštrović), Carvers (Gill, Gaudier-Brzeska, Barlach), and Innovators (Boccioni, Zadkine, Giacometti, Moore, Hepworth, Brancusi, Gabo, Pevsner). The final section discusses social connotations and philosophical analogies: "In every sphere the direction of effort is towards the penetration of the ultimate secrets of the universe, in process of which the breaking down of the façades by which they have hitherto been obscured is plainly unavoidable"; and in his study, remarkable equally as criticism and interpretation, of the achievements of these and other artists, Mr. Ramsden shows how absorbed the greatest of the sculptors are in "the quest for the ultimate." He concludes:

"It is, nevertheless, beyond all question that eventually art must again become as it was at the beginning both implicitly and explicitly religious in inspiration, but, presumably, with this difference—that the forms of its expression will be more transcendent than any that have yet entered into the heart of man. In the meantime, the creed of the sculptor remains as rigorous as it was at the beginning—'Le beau c'est l'équité absolu'."

The Italian painter Severini has written of the artist as "in a way the 'hyphen' between the universe and men"; and this book, superbly and discerningly illustrated, may well be described as a hyphen between the contemporary sculptor and the layman.

L. H.

RECENT LITERATURE IN IRISH.

NEW STORIES. Edited by Tomas de Bhaldraithe. Sairseal and Dill. 8s. 6d.

DESIRE. By Liam O'Flaherty. Sairseal and Dill. 8s. 6d.

BY CAOLAIRE. By Mairtin O Cadhain. Sairseal and Dill. 7s. 6d.

A PILGRIM'S DIARY. By Donchadh O Ceileachair. Sairseal and Dill. 9s. 6d.

A HONEY MIST ON A FROSTY DAY. By Michael Mac Liammoir. Sairseal and Dill. 7s. 6d.

ETHICS. By Father Ceallach O Briain, O.F.M. Sairseal and Dill. 8s. 6d.

The merest glance at this bunch of bright books, now under review, should lighten the dark days of the year for us. And the books may well and truly be judged by their covers.

New Stories is a splendid varied collection. We have Liam O'Flaherty, Frank O'Connor and Mairtin O Cadhain at their best. Seumas O'Neill, author of *Tonn Tuile*, is represented; also Tarlach O hUid, a prolific writer, who is said to have taught himself Irish in jail; there is a story by Maire MacEntee—who appears as well in *New Verse*. And these are not all the names. Incidentally, Liam O'Flaherty had a most beautiful simple poem in that verse anthology—about a flower, on a cliff, enchanted by the rhythm of the sea. We want more lyrical poetry in Irish, I think—careless, centrifugal. Meanwhile, of course, we have a great deal to be thankful for.

Liam's title, *Desire*, is taken from the first story in the book. To have a volume of his short stories, and one of Mairtin O Cadhain's, is to be truly enriched. This need not be stressed. Ann Yeats gives us an exciting dust jacket for *Desire*. Sean O'Sullivan's picture for *By Caolaire*, of three pub habitués, is unforgettable. His fine portrait of the author is inside, on page 4. One cannot sufficiently applaud Messrs. Sairseal and Dill for making books in the Irish language beautiful to look at, with covers and dust jackets designed by well-known artists.

Donchadh O Ceileachair comes of a family of writers. His *Pilgrim's Diary* is no fantasy, no description of people and places at the third remove; but a very interesting—and, I may say, intimate—travel-book. The author takes us everywhere with him: we feel the unwonted heat: we are oppressed by the occasional surge of over-zealous crowds; or we are exhilarated by the sporting instincts of the daring young bus drivers. We enjoy the brightness, silence and quiet of siesta time. And, of course, the important things, besides. The author quotes Helen Waddell; he refers to Joyce and to Arland Ussher. We get the reactions of a Gael to the big world—the reactions of a Cork man, to boot. The illustrations are by Domhnall O Murchadh. Michael Mac Liammoir's lively book, *A Honey Mist on a Frosty Day*, is a delight—whether he is indulging in a scrap of autobiography—or appraising Pushkin and Nijinski—or discussing dreams and apparitions—or the future of the Irish language.

The above books have all been recently brought out under the auspices of An Club Leabhar. This Irish Book Club and their publishers, Messrs. Sairseal and Dill, have done, and are doing, more for the Irish language than can be readily computed.

Ethics, by Father Ceallach O Briain, is an admirable exposition of the subject, clearly and simply expressed. There is a brief glossary of the technical terms used. The author begins by pointing out that, according to the earliest investigations of science, man has always had a law of morality, a standard of good behaviour. It had long been held that certain aboriginal races, such as the Pygmies had no moral code. This, however, has been disproved. There is a great deal of thought, of definition, and argument, in this little volume. As the author tells, in his preface, these lectures have been put together as concisely as possible, so as not to exceed the limits of a small book. Certainly its conciseness has not injured the clarity of the work.

BLANAID SALKELD.

ENCHANTED IN THE SUN. By Giuseppe Marotta. Translated from the Italian by Vladimir Kean. Dennis Dobson. 9s. 6d.

Enchanted in the Sun begins: "All I know about mythology I learned from Don Federico Sòrice while standing in alley-ways and little streets, lounging against a sun-drenched wall, or sitting on the cool rim of the Serino Fountain or on an old cart with its shafts stretched up to the sky ready to go on heaven knows what fabulous journey."

Don Federico, transformed by old age into "a shrivelled little figure which not only looked as though it had been carved out of dry cod, but even suggested a strange taste of salt and wood to the tongue", had been beadle at a boys' school until dismissed by the enraged staff for his habit of touching up the pattern of their shabby overcoats with ink. He was now desperately poor, living with his wife in a mere hovel, but he still insisted: "Without a little embroidery, what savour is there to life?" He breathed serenely the air of Olympus, followed with exquisite appreciation each majestic and outrageous stratagem, and was superbly eloquent about ample goddesses and frail nymphs.

His friends—the cobbler, the choleric and cuckolded fruit vendor, the coal merchant, the squinting barber, the hunchback, the telegraph boy and the narrator—found the air of their beloved Naples quivering with mythological splendour; but their conversation would be suddenly acrimonious, violent, for naturally Don Federico allowed neither doubt nor conventional criticism of his stories. His retorts were unanswerable.

"Who do you think you are? In the countless centuries which have elapsed since then, there have been no protests from the world's most eminent scientists . . . poets and generals confirm my words. . . . It wasn't depravity, it was mythology. . . . Your incapacity for mythological reasoning arises out of the vice of transposing every question on to the material plane. You seem to have no imagination. If somebody writes stew you believe it to be stew—but in poetry the thing varies, is transformed."

The end comes with Don Federico's own sad but heroic stratagem, when "the prodigious ardour and incredible vitality of the old man illuminated the sordid hovel with the lights of a stage"—the stage for his death. The narrator,

looking back on those enchanted hours in the Piazza Dante, adds: "I am up there too, sculptured in the marble of memory among the marble celebrities; I am standing, be it noted, in the right attitude: one hand on my heart to alleviate its sorrow, the other against my lips to smother a laugh."

For the reader it is, indeed, the only possible attitude to Signor Marotta's radiant and tender book.

THE FLOWER OF MAY. By Kate O'Brien. Heinemann. 12s. 6d.

TOUCH AND GO. By Jacobine Hichens. Putnam. 12s. 6d.

The Flower of May is a beautifully written novel. Its heroine, Fanny, returns reluctantly from her Belgian convent to life in Dublin. The ambitious marriage of her elder sister that nearly ends in disaster; a visit to Italy with the wealthy family of a Belgian school friend, Lucille de Mellin; and her struggle, though she loves her parents, for the independence they oppose, are experiences that help to mature a girl emotionally fastidious and cool towards the Roman Catholic piety around her. The death of her beautiful aloof mother and her anguished discovery that André, brother of the devout Lucille, is a libertine ready to betray her tender affection, change her into a woman. Miss O'Brien presents Fanny and Lucille as rebels against some of the conventions of their early twentieth-century background; but their talents are insufficiently conspicuous to suggest success in the careers they crave. This vagueness apart, the book has the subtlety and texture of a work by Edith Wharton; and it has too, what is rare in a Roman Catholic novel, religious courtesy.

Mrs. Hichens' new novel, like her *Noughts and Crosses*, has a very pleasant irony. A young novelist, Nat Conant, enjoys equally but with selfish reservations, the company of Janet, whose puritanical upbringing and ardent nature expose her to his hedonism, of a sensual Italian society woman, and of an engagingly impetuous girl, Emma. The development of character—notably Janet's and that of Emma's brother whom she finally marries—wit, and its civilized quality, make this an attractive book.

THE CHARIOT. By Francis Stuart. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

THE REST IS SILENCE. By John D. Sheridan. The Talbot Press. 10s. 6d.

The theme of Mr. Stuart's novels is that of the relationship between rather battered men and women, and their struggle to find a small but secure retreat from the world. In *The Chariot*, Amos, an unsuccessful novelist, compassionately shares his miserable flat with Lena, a prostitute, and her paralysed mother. Amos drifting from one unsuitable job to another and Lena trying to make a home for him, finds peace at last in a rather odd situation. The novel is written sensitively and with deep sincerity, but the palpable dinginess, the shifts and ignominy of the various episodes, the timid happiness, do not indicate that Mr. Stuart has as yet explored with sufficient detachment and penetration the implications of self-pity.

In *The Rest is Silence*, an old and dying man tells of his life: his poor childhood in Donegal, work as a miner and bartender in Scotland, and final prosperity in America. The narrator's reminiscences as he travels by air to Donegal, and to Rome for a Holy Year pilgrimage, form a rambling but often vivid story. Its banal piety characteristically cherishes blasphemy: "I was thinking that this white steam of prayer (the Rosary) has never ceased. And it has work to do. It helps to keep the stars in their places. It ripens the harvests. It stays the hand of God. If it stopped for one instant the whole world would collapse like a rotten apple." Doubtless, however, this book will enormously edify the sentimental, and those who confuse Christian rebirth with an infantile complex.

ETCHED IN VIOLENCE. By Marten Cumberland. Hurst and Blackett, London. 9s. 6d. net.

It is a matter for wonder to me that a writer of crime novels can not only maintain the obviously high standards he has set himself, but show a steady improvement in the subtler details which appeal to the connoisseur without attracting a great deal more attention than Mr. Cumberland has done.

Why have we not seen a "Cumberland Ten" in the Penguin Series? According to my calculations, the book under review, *Etched in Violence*, must be the nineteenth or twentieth in the Saturnin Dax series, a series which in itself is a valuable contribution to the *corpus* of crime fiction.

Writers but recently arrived on the scene are quite frequently hailed as "masters" with but one or two titles to their credit. The business of creating a character like Saturnin Dax, with his background staff, and guiding them with unfailing criminological exactitude and increasing literary grace through twenty consecutive episodes of sudden and mysterious death, must rank as a major literary achievement and place Marten Cumberland among the few—the very few—who have really earned the title of "Masters of the Novel of Detection."

It is hard to praise *Etched in Violence* without in some way giving away the game. The story starts off with a young English girl holidaying in Paris and finding, as so many others, that her sterling allowance was pitifully inadequate. To her comes an attractive proposition, plausible enough on the face of it, whereby she can earn a hundred pounds in three days by "obliging" an actress who wants to visit her sick child behind the Iron Curtain. Felix Norman it is—the Anglophile Brigadier—who brings the tangled clues to Dax's attention . . . just—but only just in time.

CECIL FRENCH SALKELD.

SAINTS ALIVE. A Study of Six Saints for Young People. By Arnold L. Haskell. Allan Wingate. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Arnold Haskell has discovered in recent years that teaching is his vocation, and this little book on such saints as St. Thomas More, St. Joan of Arc and St. Thérèse of Lisieux, is the result of discussions with his classes. The *camaraderie* and bright moralizing evidently suited the young Roman Catholics

addressed; but it is disquieting that his Church has approved the condescension to 'pagans', the crudeness of the attack on communism, and such peculiar definitions as: "Perhaps the essential difference between the heretic and the reformer within the Church, is that the heretic feels that he is wielding the broom while the reformer knows that he is only the broom."

As Mr. Haskell was careful not to write tastelessly or out of ignorance on his former subject, the ballet, one wonders why he considers this sort of thing a good enough approach to Christianity and his students.

MIND YOU, I'VE SAID NOTHING! Forays in the Irish Republic. By Honor Tracy. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

Miss Honor Tracy has undertaken the task of providing the too-indulgent foreigner with a guide to the Irish. Her demonstration of all that lies behind the easy charm is diverting; so also is the note of personal grievance not quite hidden by an ironic flourish. A clever journalist, she describes evils and follies with assurance, though blandly assuming her reader's credulity that a *This Ireland* column plus some Dublin gestures à la Bloomsbury plus the pomposity of ecclesiastics and politicians add up to the portrait of a country. She has, however, written some perceptive things and is ready to share her fun. If her book is certain to infuriate those who swaddle Ireland in immaculacy, it will amuse others; but it is a pity that its malice has so obvious a bounce.

NERVE-BEAT. By J. B. O'Sullivan. Werner Laurie. 9s. 6d.

Nerve-Beat is a thriller with a very familiar plot: an amiable private sleuth, thirsty, unloved by the police, but called upon to rescue from a sad fate the usual blonde nightclub singer. When this has been done, he scorns reward and wistfully offers her to a more domesticated embrace. Mr. O'Sullivan has, however, varied the pattern with a self-sacrificing blackmailer, some wan scenes of home life, and a novel end for the villain. His book will reasonably gratify the reader addicted to this sort of fiction.

THE LITTLE STEAMROLLER. By Graham Greene. Max Parrish. 7s. 6d.

THE WONDER WORLD OF BIRDS. By Marie Neurath. Max Parrish. 6s.

A MESSAGE ROUND THE WORLD. By Marie Neurath. Max Parrish. 6s.

The Little Steamroller is the third children's book by Graham Greene which Dorothy Craigie has illustrated with a bold cheerfulness. It must already have delighted hundreds of children (and grown-ups) this Christmas. The wicked complications which the little steamroller so cleverly makes straight and fair are in no way related to rocks from Brighton and the publishers are justified in stressing how surprising it is that "an author so familiar in his major novels with human bitterness and despair should charm six-year-olds with so happy and simple a tale". Or are they? Another delightful book which one would have liked to recommend for Christmas is *The Wonder World of Birds*, which tells with brevity and directness of the fascinating habits of many birds from ostriches

to wrens. The illustrations to Marie Neurath's excellent text are bold in line and colour. No doubt her explanations of round-the-world communication by telephone, radio or television will be clear to any schoolboy, but they are far from child's play to at least one ageing parent.

THE STORY OF A NUTCRACKER. A Free Version by Desmond MacCarthy and Bryan Guinness from the Tale by Hoffman. Illustrated by Roland Pym. Heinemann. 9s. 6d.

A foreword to *The Story of a Nutcracker* explains that several years ago Sir Desmond MacCarthy decided to make a free translation of Hoffmann's tale. He completed six chapters and put them aside. In 1951, he was urged to finish the book, and began to plan the illustrations with Mr. Pym; but it has been left to Mr. Guinness to finish the story of Mary and Fritz in their Nuremberg home at Christmas, of Godfather Drosselmeyer, the Nutcracker and the Land of Toys. This simplified and charming version, and its illustrations, will delight children.

The Universal Declaration of Human Rights. By M. Ramaswamy.

East and West: Some Aspects of Historic Evolution. By Constantin Regamey. Re. 1s.

The Heroines of the Plays of Kalidasa. By Samskrita Visarada S. Ramachandra Rao. Re. 1s.

Yantras or Mechanical Contrivances in Ancient India. By V. Raghavan. Re. 1/8.

The Social Play in Sanskrit. By V. Raghavan. Re. 1s. 8d.

The Indian Institute of Culture: Report for 1951. Basavangudi, Bangalore.

The Report of the Indian Institute of Culture gives a full account of its activities: special meetings, discussions and lectures. Typical of its deep interest in international affairs, in the arts generally and in India's history are the Transactions listed above: M. Ramswamy's thoughtful contribution on the subject of Human Rights; Professor C. Regamey's examination of the origin of fundamental differences between East and West, and proof that their attitudes are not irreconcilable, but complementary; the interesting studies of Kalidasa's plays by Shri S. Ramachandra Rao, and of the social plays that form a definite class of Sanskrit drama by Dr. V. Raghavan; and also by him, the very informative paper on India's ancient mechanical experiments.

BOOKS ABROAD. An International Literary Quarterly. Summer 1953. University of Oklahoma Press. One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents.

This issue of *Books Abroad* opens with a survey by Mr. W. F. H. Lamont of the American reading public's attitude to masterpieces of foreign fiction. There are also interesting articles on contemporary Swiss, Belgian and Dutch letters, and the usual valuable reviews of foreign literature.

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